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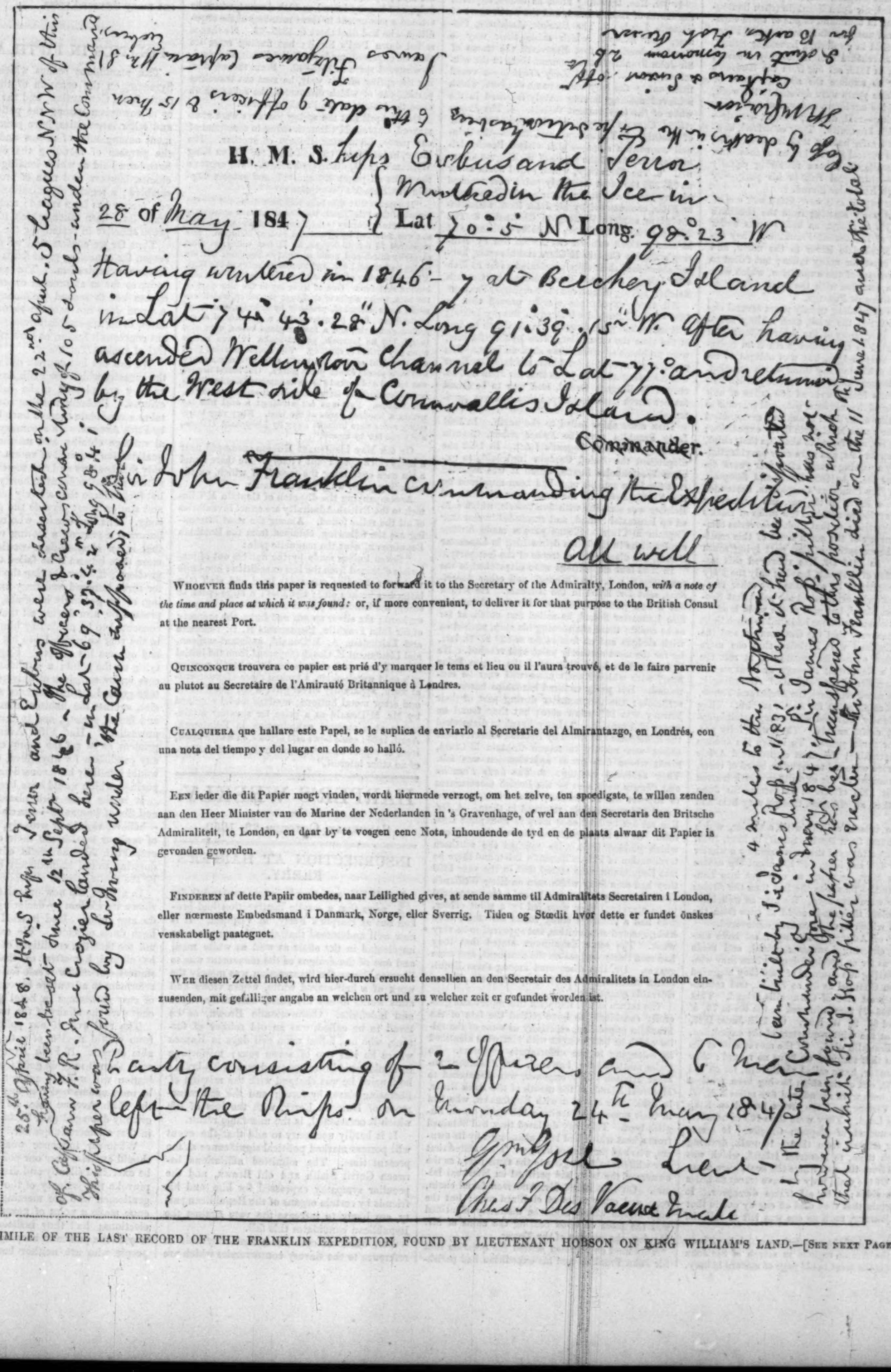


H. M. S.hips Erebus and Terror
Wintered in the Ice in
28 of May 1847 Lat 70°5' N Long 98°23' W

Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey Island in Lat 74°43'28" N. Long 91°39'15" W. After having ascended Wellington Channel to Lat 77°: and returned by the West side of Cornwallis Island.

Commander.

Sir John Franklin commanding the Expedition.

All well

Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, London, *with a note of the time and place at which it was found*: or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the British Consul at the nearest Port.

Quinconque trouvera ce papier est prié d'y marquer le tems et lieu ou il l'aura trouvé, et de le faire parvenir au plutot au Secretaire de l'Amirauté Britannique à Londres.

Cualquiera que hallare este Papel, se le suplica de enviarlo al Secretarie del Almirantazgo, en Londrés, con una nota del tiempo y del lugar en donde so halló.

Een ieder die dit Papier mogt vinden, wordt hiermede verzogt, om het zelve, ten spoedigste, te willen zenden aan den Heer Minister van de Marine der Nederlanden in 's Gravenhage, of wel aan den Secretaris den Britsche Admiraliteit, te London, en daar by te voegen eene Nota, inhoudende de tyd en de plaats alwaar dit Papier is gevonden geworden.

Finderen af dette Papiir ombedes, naar Leilighed gives, at sende samme til Admiralitets Secretairen i London, eller nærmeste Embedsmand i Danmark, Norge, eller Sverrig. Tiden og Stædit hvor dette er fundet önskes venskabeligt paategnet.

Wer diesen Zettel findet, wird hier-durch ersucht denselben an den Secretair des Admiralitets in London einzusenden, mit gefälliger angabe an welchen ort und zu welcher zeit er gefundet worden ist.

Party consisting of 2 Officers and 6 Men left the Ships on Monday 24th May 1847

Gm. Gore Lieut.
Chas. F. Des Voeux mate

25th April 1848 HMS hips Terror and Erebus were deserted on the 22nd April 5 leagues NNW of this having been beset since 12th Septr 1846 — The officers & Crews consisting of 105 souls — under the Command of Captain F. R. Crozier landed here — in Lat 69°37'42" Long 98°41' This paper was found by Lt. Irving under the cairn supposed to have been built by Sir James Ross in 1831 — 4 miles to the Northward — where it had been deposited by the late Commander Gore in June 1847 — Sir James Ross' pillar has not however been found and the paper has been transferred to this position which is that in which Sir J. Ross' pillar was erected — Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June 1847 and the total loss by deaths in the Expedition has been to this date 9 officers & 15 men.

James Fitzjames Captain HMS Erebus
F. R. M. Crozier Captain & Senior Offr.
and start on tomorrow 26th for Backs Fish River

FAC-SIMILE OF THE LAST RECORD OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION, FOUND BY LIEUTENANT HOBSON ON KING WILLIAM'S LAND.—[See next Page.]

THE LAST ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

ON the preceding page we present to the reader an authentic *fac-simile* (taken from the original in the custody of the British Admiralty) of the last mournful record of the Franklin Expedition; on pages 696 and 697 will be seen an engraving of the discovery of the boat belonging to the same expedition, and abandoned by Captain Crozier and the survivors when they attempted to walk to Montreal Island and Back River. In thus illustrating the close of a pursuit which has rendered but little return for the expenditure of valuable life which it has cost, we propose to condense into a few sentences the history of the memorable page in modern history which must be entitled Arctic Adventure.

The first expedition which set out with a view of discovering the Northwest Passage left England in 1818 under Ross and Parry. For three quarters of a century previous to this period the great idea of the British Government had been to discover the North Pole, and many expeditions had been fitted out for that purpose. In the year that Ross and Parry sailed, Sir John Franklin (then lieutenant) was second in command of one of these expeditions. It was unsuccessful; but Captain Parry having succeeded in exploring Lancaster Sound, the spirit of adventure was thoroughly aroused, and Franklin, in 1819, set out from the Hudson's Bay territory to explore the northern coast of America. Three years were devoted to the work, during which the explorers endured almost every form of suffering—cold, disease, hunger, despair—which can befall humanity. They contrived, however, to return safe, having traveled 5500 miles, and laid down several hundred miles of coast-line. Parry, meanwhile, had been rendering equally good service—with equal risk to his party—by sailing through Lancaster Sound.

In 1823 four expeditions were fitted out, one of which—a land party starting from the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, as before—was under the command of Lieutenant Franklin. They descended the Mackenzie River to the north, and explored the coast for many miles; but failed to achieve the purpose of the expedition, which was, by effecting a junction with the other parties, to discover a Northwest Passage.

During the succeeding twenty years several expeditions continued the work, each adding something to the geography of the polar regions. In 1827 Parry tried to travel due north from Spitzbergen with boat-sledges, but was obliged to return without achieving any thing worth mention. In 1829 the Rosses (uncle and nephew) sailed into Prince Regent's Inlet, explored 300 miles of new coast, discovered the magnetic pole, and traveled to within 200 miles of Sir John Franklin's easternmost stopping-place on the Mackenzie River expedition; but, beset by ice, and forced to abandon their ships, were given up for lost, and were only providentially rescued by a passing vessel, after four years' detention in the ice. In 1836 Dease and Simpson, two Hudson Bay Company's explorers, descended the Mackenzie River to the sea, and journeying eastward, traveled to within a few miles of Back's most westerly point; so that their discoveries completed the survey of the north coast of this continent, with the exception of that part lying south of Boothia. In 1846 Dr. Rae surveyed this unfinished portion of the work, leaving only the Fury and Hecla Straits to be examined by other travelers. He likewise established the point that Boothia is not an island, but part of the main land.

These various expeditions had shed so much light on Arctic discovery that the Government and the public of England were satisfied that one more well-appointed expedition would set at rest the question of a Northwest Passage, and put an end to further sacrifice of time and life. Accordingly, in 1845, two screw steamers, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were put in commission for Arctic service. They were abundantly provided with every possible appliance and useful supply. They were fully provisioned for three years. To insure the success of the undertaking, the most experienced Arctic voyagers were engaged to serve on board of them, and the command of the expedition was intrusted to the most able of Arctic explorers—Sir John Franklin, then an old man, though very hale and hearty.

The two vessels sailed (with a tender, which they sent home from Davis's Strait) in May, 1845. Two months afterward they were seen by a whaler in lat. 74° 48′, and long. 66° 13′, about the centre of Baffin's Bay, awaiting an entrance into Lancaster Sound. This was the last time the *Erebus* and *Terror* were ever seen. We may as well, however, complete their sad record at once from the memorials which have since been discovered.

In July or August, 1845, they must have succeeded in entering Lancaster Sound, and made their way as far as Beechy Island, where they wintered. During the summer of 1846 they ascended Wellington Channel as far as 77° N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. That winter (1846–'7) they wintered in the ice in 70° 5′ N. lat., and 98° 23′ W. long. On 11th June, 1847, probably at the winter-quarters of the expedition, Sir John Franklin died. Of the movements of the expedition that summer we have no record; they must, however, have sailed southward, for on 22d April, 1848, one of the ships having been crushed in the ice, both were abandoned five miles N.N.W. of Point Victory, and the crews landed on King William's Land. They were then 105 in number, under command of Captain Crozier. It seems that they started from thence to walk, drawing boats with them, to Montreal Island, which was 225 miles from the spot where the boats were abandoned. Of the main body we have traces 65 miles from the ships; then all traces disappear. It seems certain that they died off one by one in that terrible journey, until no one was left to tell the tale.

The account of the expeditions which have been sent to the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin is the most noble page of modern history.

In the spring of 1848, no tidings having been received of Sir John Franklin, three expeditions were sent out to search for him. 1. Captains Moore and Kellett were dispatched in the *Plover* and *Herald*, by way of Behring's Straits. The ships sailed as far as Chamisso Island, and dispatched boats which made their way to Dease's Inlet, but returned without finding any trace. 2. Sir James Ross entered the Arctic region by Baffin's Bay, explored the south side of Lancaster Sound as far as Cape York, North Somerset, and both sides of Prince Regent's Inlet, without any result. 3. Sir John Richardson and Dr. Rae proceeded by land; the former descended the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean; the latter twice explored the shores of Wollaston Sound: both without the least success.

The failure of these expeditions, far from discouraging adventure, roused the English and the civilized world to still further exertions. A reward of $100,000 was offered by the British Government to any party that should afford efficient aid to the lost explorers; and in 1850 eight expeditions were dispatched to the Arctic regions in search of them:

1. Dr. Rae, traveling afoot as before, explored the shores of Bank's Land, and the north coast of Victoria Land. 2. The *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *Pioneer*, and *Intrepid*, which made their way to Beechy Island, and first discovered the traces of Sir John Franklin's encampment there in the winter of 1845–'6. 3. The *Lady Franklin*—a vessel fitted out by the lady whose name she bore, which achieved nothing, having merely followed in the wake of the Government vessels. 4. The *Prince Albert*, Captain Forsyth, which explored the Gulf of Boothia. 5. The *Advance* and *Rescue*—the Grinnell expedition ships—which visited Beechy Island, and examined the coasts of Wellington Channel. 6. The *North Star*, which sailed north as far as 76° 33′, the most northerly point ever reached by any vessel except Dr. Kane's. 7. The schooner *Felix*, commanded by Sir John Ross, which intended to explore Wellington Channel. 8. The *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, Captains Collinson and M'Clure, which entered the Arctic Sea by Behring's Strait; Captain M'Clure and his crew, having abandoned their ship, penetrated as far as Melville Island, and were there rescued by Captain Belcher, having discovered the Northwest Passage.

All these expeditions simply proved that in 1845–'6 Franklin had wintered on Beechy Island; whence he had gone from thence, or where he was at the time the expeditions were looking for him, were problems on which they shed no light. The prevailing impression (of which the late Dr. Kane was a leading advocate) was that Sir John had ascended Wellington Sound, and was to be found further north than any expedition had yet penetrated.

Then more ships sailed to the north. In 1851 Lady Franklin sent the *Prince Albert*, Captain Kennedy, to Prince Regent's Inlet. In 1852 she dispatched the *Isabel*, Captain Inglefield, to explore Wostenholm Sound, where it was reported that Sir John and his men had been murdered by the Esquimaux. In the same year Sir Edward Belcher was sent out with five vessels, which sailed up Lancaster Sound, and succeeded in rescuing Captain M'Clure. Sledge parties made further explorations in the inlets debouching in Lancaster Sound, but discovered no traces of the lost party.

In 1853 four expeditions were dispatched to the same region: 1. Mr. Grinnell, and other Americans, sent Dr. Kane in the *Advance*. He struck out a new path for himself: instead of turning into Lancaster Sound, he sailed due north, as far as he could; then, abandoning his ship, pushed on with sledges and on foot as far as 82° 27′ N. lat., by far the most northerly point ever reached. He is believed to have discovered the "open Polar Sea," with which Kane's name will ever be connected. His party endured hardships barely describable; the thermometer during part of their journey was 99° below zero; but they found no traces of Franklin. 2. Lady Franklin dispatched the *Rattlesnake* and *Isabel* by Behring's Strait; their object was mainly to rescue Captain M'Clure, about whose fate grave apprehension was felt. They achieved nothing. 3. The *Lady Franklin* and *Phœnix* were sent by the British Government to support Sir E. Belcher, who, when he abandoned his own vessels, returned in them. 4. Dr. Rae set out by land once more to re-explore Boothia. Of all the expeditions his was the only one which yielded fruit. He reached the southern termination of Prince Regent's Inlet, and there he met Esquimaux who stated that in the year 1850 they had seen forty white men on King William's Land dragging a boat southward; they appeared to be starving; they were led by a stout officer, who had a telescope slung round his neck; they had guns and ammunition, but appeared to be very weak. The same Esquimaux stated that they had seen thirty corpses on the continent, and some graves. Dr. Rae discovered among these Esquimaux watches, guns, telescopes, silver, etc., in considerable quantities.

The return of Dr. Rae with this report was generally considered to have settled the fate of the Franklin expedition, especially as some of the relics which he had brought with him were identified as belonging to the unfortunate explorers. To make matters sure, however, Mr. Anderson, another Hudson's Bay explorer, was dispatched to Montreal Island, at the mouth of the Back River, in 1855. He also met with Esquimaux, who had in their possession furniture belonging to an English boat. This they declared they had obtained from a boat which had been abandoned by its owners, who had perished of hunger. They stated that five white men, belonging to the same party as the owners of the boat, had perished on Montreal Island. On that island Mr. Anderson found chain, rope, and other relics of civilized men; but the only article which could be distinctly identified was the piece of wood bearing the name of Mr. Stanley, the surgeon of the *Terror*.

This final exploration settled the question that Sir John Franklin and his expedition had perished, partly on King William's Land, and partly on the way from thence to the Back River. The British Government, we believe, paid the $100,000, and announced that no more expeditions would be sent to the Arctic regions. The Government of the United States, which had sent an expedition to the rescue of Dr. Kane, was in no mind to adventure more men and ships in so perilous a locality. All were content to accept the prevailing theory with regard to the fate of the gallant crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

Not so Lady Franklin. That noble woman, who, left in affluence by her husband when he sailed from England in 1845, has reduced herself to penury by her outlays for Arctic expeditions in search of him, was determined to make one more effort. In 1857 the yacht *Fox*, a small screw steamer, was fitted out by her, and placed under the command of Captain M'Clintock, an Arctic explorer whose name has already been mentioned. His task was much easier than that of his predecessors. He knew where to look for traces of the lost expedition. Having sailed from England in 1857, he wintered in Davis's Strait, made his escape out of the ice in April, 1858, reached Point's Inlet on 27th July, and Beechy Island on 11th August, where he erected a monument to those members of the expedition who had died there in 1845–'46. He thence sailed down Peel's Strait; but finding more ice than he expected, made for Bellot Strait, and finally wintered there in 1848–'49. From thence, during the spring of this year, he sent out traveling parties, one of which discovered the relics which close the history of the Franklin search.

On 2d April last the spring journeys were commenced, Captain M'Clintock being in command of one party, Lieutenant Hobson of another. The latter, in lat. N. 69° 09′, and long. 99° 27′, on King William's Land, discovered a boat. We engrave the scene on pages 696 and 697, and subjoin Captain M'Clintock's description:

"It appears that this boat had been intended for the ascent of the Fish River, but was abandoned apparently upon a return journey to the ships, the sledge upon which she was mounted being pointed in that direction. She measured 28 feet in length, by 7¼ feet wide, was most carefully fitted, and made as light as possible; but the sledge was of solid oak, and almost as heavy as the boat. A large quantity of clothing was found within her, also human skeletons. One of these lay in the after-part of the boat, under a pile of clothing; the other, which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket-watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious books, were also found, but no journals, pocket-books, or even names upon any article of clothing. Two double-barreled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before. One barrel in each was loaded and cocked; there was ammunition in abundance, also thirty or forty pounds of chocolate, some tea, and tobacco. Fuel was not wanting: a drift tree lay within a hundred yards of the boat. Many very interesting relics were brought away by Lieutenant Hobson, and some few by myself."

On 6th May Lieutenant Hobson encamped near a large cairn upon Point Victory. He there found a tin case containing the record, of which, on the preceding page, we give a fac-simile.

Accompanying the dispatch of Captain M'Clintock to the British Admiralty are exact inventories of all the relics found. Among the most interesting are the following, obtained from the Boothian Esquimaux, near the magnetic pole:

"Seven knives made by the natives out of materials obtained from the last expedition; one knife without a handle; one spear head and staff (the latter has broken off); two files; a large spoon or scoop, the handle of pine or bone, the bowl of musk ox horn; six silver spoons and forks, the property of Sir John Franklin, Lieutenants H. D. Vescomte and Fairholme, A. M'Donald, assistant-surgeon, and Lieutenant E. Couch (supposed from the initial letter T and crest a lion's head); a small portion of a gold watch-chain, a broken piece of ornamental work, apparently silver gilt; a few small naval and other metal buttons; a silver medal obtained by Mr. M'Donald as a prize for superior attainments at a medical examination in Edinburgh, April, 1838; some bows and arrows, in which wood, iron, or copper has been used in the construction—of no other interest."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859.

INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

A WEEK ago people were astounded by news that a servile insurrection had broken out at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia. It is now well understood that, though negroes were implicated in the affair as well as white men, and one of the designs of the movement was to liberate slaves, the insurrection was merely the work of a half-crazed white, whose views and aims were, to say the least, extremely vague and indefinite. Ossawottomie Brown, as he loved to be called, was an old soldier of fortune, who had fallen upon evil days in Kansas where he lost two of seven sons; misfortune had imbittered his temper and turned his brain; he fancied he was charged with the mission of liberating slaves by force; and the sad recurrence of Harper's Ferry, with the loss of life which it occasioned, is the miserable result.

It is hardly necessary to add that the event will possess marked political significance at the present time. The admitted affiliations between Gerrit Smith and old Brown, and the peculiar sympathy expressed for him and his friends by certain organs of the Republican party, are likely to increase the vote against the Republican candidates this fall.

For, whatever opinions a man may hold in reference to the slavery controversies which are agitated in this country, all are unanimous against any thing like compulsory emancipation and servile revolts. The horrors of servile war, with its necessary accompaniments in the shape of murder, rape, outrage, rapine, and incendiarism, are vividly realized by men of all parties; even the warmest friends of the slave—with a few crazy exceptions, perhaps—would, like Mr. Everett, shoulder a musket at any time to prevent such atrocities. And though the leading Republican politicians and papers may and do repudiate the acts of Brown and his associates, it is likely that a large section of the people of this country will hold them responsible for what has happened. It will be said that men of Brown's stamp would never have ventured upon the outrages they have committed but for the open sympathy expressed by persons of high standing with the cause they espoused; and though this inference may be unjust, it presents sufficient superficial plausibility to be very generally accepted. Mr. Brown, we think, will have cost the Republicans many thousand votes.

POLITICS IN FIFTH AVENUE.

THE scandalous scenes which occurred at Syracuse, on the occasion of the late Democratic State Convention, and the growing power of rowdyism among the politicians of this and other large cities, have prompted a movement among men of means and character for the purpose of mending the evil. Meetings have been held at which leading bankers, merchants, lawyers, and men of property have assembled; a regular organization has been formed; money has been raised; and measures generally have been taken, which, it is hoped, may prove effective in remedying the mischief.

Thus far we confess that we don't see much reason for expecting great fruits from the Fifth Avenue organization. The purpose of that body, so far as at present expressed, is not to oppose but to second Tammany Hall. Fifth Avenue does not propose to nominate candidates, or to impose platforms. These important concerns it leaves, as heretofore, to the control of ancient Tammany.

We can not but express our appreciation of the sagacity which the Fifth Avenue Vigilants, as they are pleased to be called, have thus evinced. Probably nothing could be more fatal to a candidate than to have been nominated by Fifth Avenue. In a country where universal suffrage obtains, and manhood is the only qualification required of voters, it is evident not only that bankers and rich merchants must constitute an insignificant minority of the citizens, but furthermore that a lively jealousy of wealth and station must pervade the general electoral body. The hod-carrier, who meets the banker but once a year on a footing of equality—and that is on election-day—would be something more than human if he failed to abuse his rare privilege; if, after obeying the banker's behests for three hundred and sixty-four days, and being, as he generally imagines, bullied and oppressed by him during all that period, he still consented to be guided by him on the only day in the year on which he in his turn could bully and oppress his master. Experience is unvarying on the point; a candidate who seeks success under a régime of universal suffrage must take ground against bankers, against aristocracies, against the habitual masters of the rank and file of society, and in favor of "the great unwashed." Had Fifth Avenue been so imprudent as to set the stamp of its approval on any candidate for any office, the circumstance would infallibly have roused against him an opposition which would have been overwhelming.

It is the same with platforms. The rank and file of humanity—especially in large cities—believe, rightly or wrongly, that aristocracies of rank or wealth are their enemies. Whatever Fifth Avenue might enunciate as sound doctrine would immediately become suspected by the masses which control our elections.

In a word, the new organization has thus far shown its wisdom by declaring its incapacity to do any thing. Had it tried to act, it would have done mischief. We confess that we do not see that the conditions of its existence can be altered hereafter, or that future circumstances can render it safe for the Fifth Avenue reformers to adventure beyond the safe domain of cosy gatherings in hotel parlors, and grave chat over the affairs of the nation.

The real evil of our political affairs arises from willful neglect of voting by the respectable classes. If Fifth Avenue can make men vote, then it may do good; but its very organization will militate against its success. If it be once understood that any man is to receive the Fifth Avenue vote, he will be almost as gravely damaged as if he had been nominated in that aristocratic quarter.

Whatever influence wealth and education should exercise over our political affairs should be exercised silently and discreetly, so as not to provoke the jealousy of the masses. Had the gentlemen who are meeting in the Fifth Avenue made a point of never failing to vote at elections; had they insisted on making their way to the polls and keeping the polls open for people who are neither bankers nor million-

aires, but who nevertheless belong to the "respectable classes," there would have been no necessity for an organization of property against rowdyism. It is because Mr. Watts Sherman and his friends have for years neglected a duty which should have been sacredly performed that political power has lapsed into the hands of bandits and ruffians. If, at next election, the respectable classes, men of property, character, and education, had the manhood and the courage to insist on recording their votes, the dangerous classes would be overwhelmed beyond redemption. The rowdies are to the respectable classes as one to twenty. But if the twenty have not the pluck to go to the polls, the one, who flourishes his shillelah there, must win the day.

This is the true difficulty in our politics; unless the Fifth Avenue party can solve it, they are wasting their time.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NUPTIALS OF DON CESAR DE BAZAN.

If we are an extremely ridiculous people, we certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that we are no more so than other people. If we worship Mammon with a heartiness and entireness which might be profitably extended to some other worship, we can look over our shoulders and find ourselves in a great, if not a goodly, company.

Young Mr. Rothschild was married a couple of years ago or so in England. Who, on earth, is young Mr. Rothschild? *Answer*. He is the son of a very rich old Mr. Rothschild. The very rich young gentleman was, or was not, a member of the famous Banking-house; and however great might have been the natural interest in one of the powers of the world, as a real, managing Rothschild is, the interest in his young son could be only derived from the fact of his great wealth. Nor is that to be wondered at. In a world where we are all scratching to make the highest pile we can, we can not avoid having a peculiar regard for the man who has made the highest pile of all, and that is reflected upon his children, especially if they succeed to his possessions.

The interest in a rich man is perfectly intelligible. John Bull knows all about it. Nobody is wiser than he upon that point. The London *Times* served up the Rothschild nuptials with a splendor which, in its kind, was hardly surpassed, probably, by the wedding breakfast. The Book of Snobs, in fact, was written in England.

But if John Bull knows it all, his cousin Jonathan is not ignorant. Jonathan does gloat over a genuinely rich man, like a cannibal over an alderman; and as Jonathan requires at least three columns of "Personal" in his morning paper, he is not particular that his rich man should be a famous man. Let him only come and marry one of the fair daughters of the land; and if Jonathan can only read of the riches and behold the jewelry and the dresses, he will be content to do nothing but make sport of the whole thing. He will manufacture a story out of it straightway. He will have the hero, black as your hat and sixty years old at least. He will have the bride all glowing pearls and blushing purity, aged eighteen. He will call it in his secret soul a sacrifice; a sell—in fact.

Is there any thing so very extraordinary in the fact that a very rich man marries, that it should excite the public mind? And taking the worst view of it, is it so very rare an occurrence for a young woman to marry a man who is much older and richer than she, that every detail should be paraded?

However, if a man will be worth innumerable millions of dollars he must take the consequences.

THE FIREMEN'S FESTIVAL.

There is something very real in a Firemen's parade. They are soldiers who are on duty all the time, and consequently they have a kind of importance like that of the army in other countries. They are, in fact, the garrison of the city, which is threatened constantly by something more destructive than a military onset; and they hold the enemy at bay. He is never quite overcome, indeed; for fire is like sin, and bursts out and rages wherever men plant themselves in great communities; but he is kept in wonderful subjection by the brilliant thousands who lately paraded to show themselves and their machines—to see and be seen—and to receive the homage which the loyal city gratefully renders.

The Machine is a wonder. It is impossible, as it is invidious, to make comparisons; but each seemed to be more splendid than the others, and the pride and care with which each is painted, decorated, and kept, impart a kind of personal, affectionate feeling to it, as if it were alive. Indeed the regard of a fireman for his machine is not unlike that of a Bedouin for his horse. It is his idol, his duck, his dear! Why do we not have a romance of Mose, in which his lady-love shall be consumingly jealous of the fire-engine, and, bursting into the engine-house by stealth, on the very eve of the Triennial Parade, when it is adorned and glorified, shall deface and mutilate the odious rival; and as she steals away, with satisfied revenge, shall meet Mose creeping in to feast his eyes upon the machine ready for the Triennial?

Our tales of Antar must be told of the streets, of red shirts, of deep-booming bells, of yelps, and screams, and a whirlwind of shouting. For if the firemen do their work well, they also let the neighborhood know that they are doing it. It is no wonder, for their hearts are in it as well as their hands. There is many a boy who is smitten with the love of following the machine, as others are by the love of the sea or of the army. Whatever the season or the hour, the stroke of the bell summons him from the warmest nest, from the sweetest sleep and dreams, to join the hallooing crew and hurry to the scene.

In this real passion for the business lies the interest of such a striking spectacle as the great parade. It is this which leads the companies to fondle and pet their engines; so that you feel, as you look, that an insult to the machine would be resented almost like one to a mistress. There is an element of protecting regard which enters into the fireman's feeling of which the soldier is unconscious. The honor of the corps is hardly represented by the flag as that of the fire-company is by its engine. Of course it has its disadvantages. A company of lovers, if they fall to comparing the charms of their enchanters, is very apt to be peppery; and the firemen themselves take fire, and blaze out into riots and rows which have certainly given the fraternity a doubtful name. Apparently the radicals of radicals, they are, by the very nature of their calling, conservative.

And how gayly they looked and marched on Monday! What a cheerful, pretty spectacle it was! It was what the French would call a solemnity of Peace. Ah! wouldn't they like to have one, instead of that festivity which reminds those who look upon the glittering files of returning soldiers, how many shall return no more!

PRIZE-FIGHTING.

Why should a journal publish an elaborate report of a prize-fight, and in the same sheet print an editorial deprecating the brutal influence of such exhibitions? It is news, is it? Yes, but there are plenty of dog-fights, and rat-hunts, and other bloody entertainments, which are quite as much news, and quite as deserving of detailed notice. It is true that prize-fighting is frequent, and is, to a certain degree, a sign of the times. Then let it be mentioned as you mention the victim of Peter Funk—as you mention crimes, and other disagreeable things—but why give it the dignity of a leading position, of commanding type, and of such undue importance?

Suppose five thousand people go from New York to Canada to see two men pommel each other into black-and-blue jelly. Suppose the two men do it, and the five thousand get their money's worth. The whole thing is unmitigated brutality, like a deliberate murder. Is there any more reason, because it is "news," that we should be told in nasty detail how one "came up," bloody and quivering, to a tenth or twentieth round, and how the other played away upon his adversary's nob, and so on, than that we should be regaled with the hideous details of every other bestiality that takes place in or near a great city?

Every paper does discriminate what news it will publish, whether it says so or not; and if it resolve to mention every thing which excites a good deal of public interest as news, why should it not exercise common sense and decency as to the manner of presenting it to the reader? Thus every newspaper would naturally publish the strange intelligence that came along the wire from Harper's Ferry. But how if it had entered into minute details of each case of the shooting of the men; and described, with loathsome fidelity, every repulsive circumstance of the agony and contortion of death?

The difficulty is, that an excuse is offered which is no excuse. A newspaper is, of course, to give the news. But the editors of a newspaper will always be held responsible, by decent men and women, for the manner in which the news is given.

VENUS.

If the picture which now hangs on exhibition at the Dusseldorf rooms hung in some old Italian palace, the artist unknown, it would be referred to the age of Titian, and be ranked among the great and famous pictures. As you enter the hall where it hangs and look at it, Italy and the old days of art irresistibly arise in memory. Once more you are loitering in some silent, sunny, lofty room of Venice or Rome; once more you feel the peculiar spell of the Italian representation of the old mythology; once more the simple, childlike objectivity of the art of the great colorists glows before your eyes.

If now some whisper says, "It was painted by an American named William Page in Rome in the year of grace 1858," you can only smile, as you gaze on delighted, and whisper in turn, "Mistake. There is no America—no 1858—nothing later than 1570 in this picture."

It is true. It is Venus as the painters of three centuries ago conceived her, and painted as they painted her. The face has the beauty of small, regular, delicate features, without thought, without any expression but that of pleased, conscious life. The hair is that crimped, utterly golden and sun-saturated hair, lightly lifted upon the breeze, which all the Venetians loved, and painted from Palma Vecchio's daughter. The form is that rounded, sinuous, symmetrical body, which seems conscious all over of its own loveliness; and with one hand lifted in very wantonness of grace, and the other gently putting back the floating hair at her side, her flexile arm following the outline of the delicious form, she stands upon a shell, gently urged by a pair of loves, while far behind, upon the rippling sea, the line of the Trojan galleys, which she is conducting, stretches backward out of sight.

As you look you listen to hear the song of the rowers far away:

> "Over the sea our galleys went
> With cleaving prows in order brave,
> To a speeding wind and a bounding wave—
> A gallant armament.
> * * * * *
> "'The isles are just at hand,' they cried,
> 'Like cloudlets faint at even sleeping,
> Our temple gates are opened wide,
> Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
> For the lucid shapes you bring,' they cried.'

This is the lovely, sunny vision; this the luminous cloud of conscious tender life, which you see in Page's Venus. It is of the realm of poetry, of imagination, of sensation:

> "O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
> The bloom of young desire and purple light of love."

It is a strain of music, exquisite, melodious. If you have no ear, it is your misfortune; but don't blame the sweet sounds. If you find nothing later than the sixteenth century, think what lovely ideas they had three hundred years ago!

THE BOHEMIANS OF PARIS.

It is generally known that by the name of "Bohemians" the Parisians designate those numberless poets, artists, sculptors, and journalists, who live in a land bordered on all sides by poverty, and situated under all the latitudes of hope. It is less well known when and how that name originated, and that information we propose to give.

About twenty years ago seven young fellows, poets, students, and artists, formed a small society. One evening one of them suddenly exclaimed: "We are the seven capital sins!" This idea was received with applause, and the senior of the band then spoke as follows: "The moment to form a new sect has arrived, in the temples of which idleness and fantasy shall reign. You have all certainly met on the highways those bands of gipsies who come from the land of the sun, and are called Bohemians. These children of liberty migrate wherever their fancy leads them; they have no care for the morrow; they eat and drink what chance may bring them, and sleep under the first green tree which offers. They are the Bohemians of the highways; let us be the Bohemians of the cities." This speech was greeted with three rounds of cheers, and on that day the realm of Bohemia was founded.

The seven Bohemians met every evening in a lonely coffee-house, to which they had given the high-sounding name of Rafaller's Club. If they by chance met in society, one asked the other, "Are you going to the club?" and young French ladies looked with awe upon these elegant gentlemen who certainly risked fifty louis at play.

This club was of a very extraordinary kind, and discussed the most tremendous paradoxes; it was the fatherland of eclecticism; and its list of members could boast a Mohammedan, and even a fakir. Celebrities were not admitted, and if a member had so far forgotten himself as to become distinguished in art, politics, or literature, he was inexorably erased from the golden book. This club took only five seconds to cut up a celebrity, and ten minutes to build up a new social system. Every evening witticisms, *bon mots*, and *calembours*, the only commodity which was not scarce among them, were lavishly wasted, afterward collected by play writers, and generally ascribed by the public to old Talleyrand.

One evening a solicitor suddenly entered the club, and informed them that one of the seven had inherited forty thousand francs. This communication was received with such a shout of applause as deafened the solicitor. A council was immediately held to determine what should be done with this fabulous sum. One of them proposed that a great public festival should be given to the French people; another, to buy a principality in Arcadia; a third, a journey to Italy. "Italiam!" exclaimed the seven in a breath, as did once the companions of Æneas; and a week afterward they were lounging under the azure sky of Naples, lying in the grass of Ischia and Capri, and sunning themselves on the Posilippo, or lighting their cigars at the glowing stones thrown up from the crater of Vesuvius; and there they lived in a grand style for three months, until one fine morning they awoke without a bajocco left of all the forty thousand francs which were to last forever. They then bethought themselves of returning to France; but as a band of seven empty stomachs could not well march together without starving out the country through which they passed, they separated, and agreed to meet six weeks later at Rafaller's Club. Then followed the Odysseys of seven careless young adventurers. One of them, who could not separate himself from the beautiful gulf of Naples, remained at an inn in the neighborhood, and lived upon the proceeds of his clothes, which he sold to a Jew from day to day. "Mine host," who had watched with anxiety the evolutions of this fugitive wardrobe, came one morning to his guest and offered him a hundred francs with which to return to France, and which he should repay him after his arrival in Paris; but the Bohemian was too proud to accept this sum without having honestly gained it. Being somewhat of a painter, he therefore took the portraits of the whole family of the landlord, who afterward accompanied him on board the ship, where he parted from him with the utmost regret. Such is the charm of youth and genius that even the heart of a Neapolitan inn-keeper may be touched by it!

The Bohemians are now no longer confined to Rafaller's Club; there are some who have a position in society and an account at their banker's, but they are nevertheless Bohemians by nature. Such was Balzac, and such is Alexandre Dumas. Balzac was very conscientious in paying his debts, but it is just as true that no man ever had more singular ones than he. A friend once meeting him in the street, invited him to dine with him at a certain restaurant. "Pray excuse me," was Balzac's reply; "I am on bad terms with the landlord, for I owe him eight hundred francs for cutlets." Sometimes he had very eccentric whims; among others, he once took it into his head to have a saloon entirely furnished in white satin, and with an immense chandelier pendent from the ceiling. Two friends who visited him in the evening found him pacing to and fro in the apartment, murmuring, "Who is to pay for the white satin?" The two gentlemen admired his extravagantly-furnished saloon, but wanted the chandelier lighted before they could fully express their opinion upon the subject. Forty candles were soon burning, and the effect was magnificent; but Balzac went on muttering "Who is to pay for the white satin?" At that moment a knock at the door was heard. It was a publisher, who wished to see Balzac. "A publisher!" exclaimed Balzac, "and forty candles burning! He must pay for it. Throw yourselves on the sofas," he added to his friends, "and don't be afraid of soiling them with your boots." The door opened, the publisher entered, and was dazzled by the splendor of the room. However, Balzac continued pacing composedly to and fro, as if quite accustomed to live amidst a Babylonian luxury. He then inquired the publisher's business.

"I should like to publish a novel of yours," stammered he.

"Ah, indeed," replied Balzac. "Well, I am very much occupied, very fatigued, but—" And then he requested the publisher to return on the following day, in order to arrange the matter.

"I owe Providence at least a pound of wax-candles," exclaimed Balzac, as soon as the publisher was gone. "He believes, of course, that I burn forty candles every evening; and it is quite obvious that he can not offer the same sum to a man who works by a dismal lamp. Let us extinguish the chandelier; my satin is paid for."

Alexandre Dumas has wasted millions in a few years. In Monte-Cristo, a country-house in the neighborhood of St. Germain, furnished with all possible refinement and luxury, he kept open table for all his friends, and this was sometimes taken advantage of by strangers. One day M. Alphonse Karr, who has since quitted Bohemia, and become a gardener, on seeing a person at table indulging in a very remarkable manner, inquired his name of Dumas. He replied, "I don't know him; he is sure to be a friend of my son." Karr then asked the son, who answered, "I don't know him; he is sure to be a friend of my father." Dumas the Elder was very choice in the selection of paper-hangings, and if no longer pleased with the design of one which he had bought perhaps only a week before, he took his pointed cane, bored holes in the paper, and entirely spoiled it. On the following day he selected another, which soon shared the same fate. Some years afterward he was very much reduced in circumstances. Once, on the occasion of a society of young fellows, which included Dumas the son, dining at the Maison Doré in Paris, when the bill for the dinner was handed to them it was discovered that not one of them had the wherewithal to pay it. Dumas alone had a five-franc piece, and after some consultation it was agreed that he should step across the road and fetch some money from his father. He soon returned with his pockets emptier than before; for he had just lent the five francs to his father, to pay a very pressing demand from his cobbler.

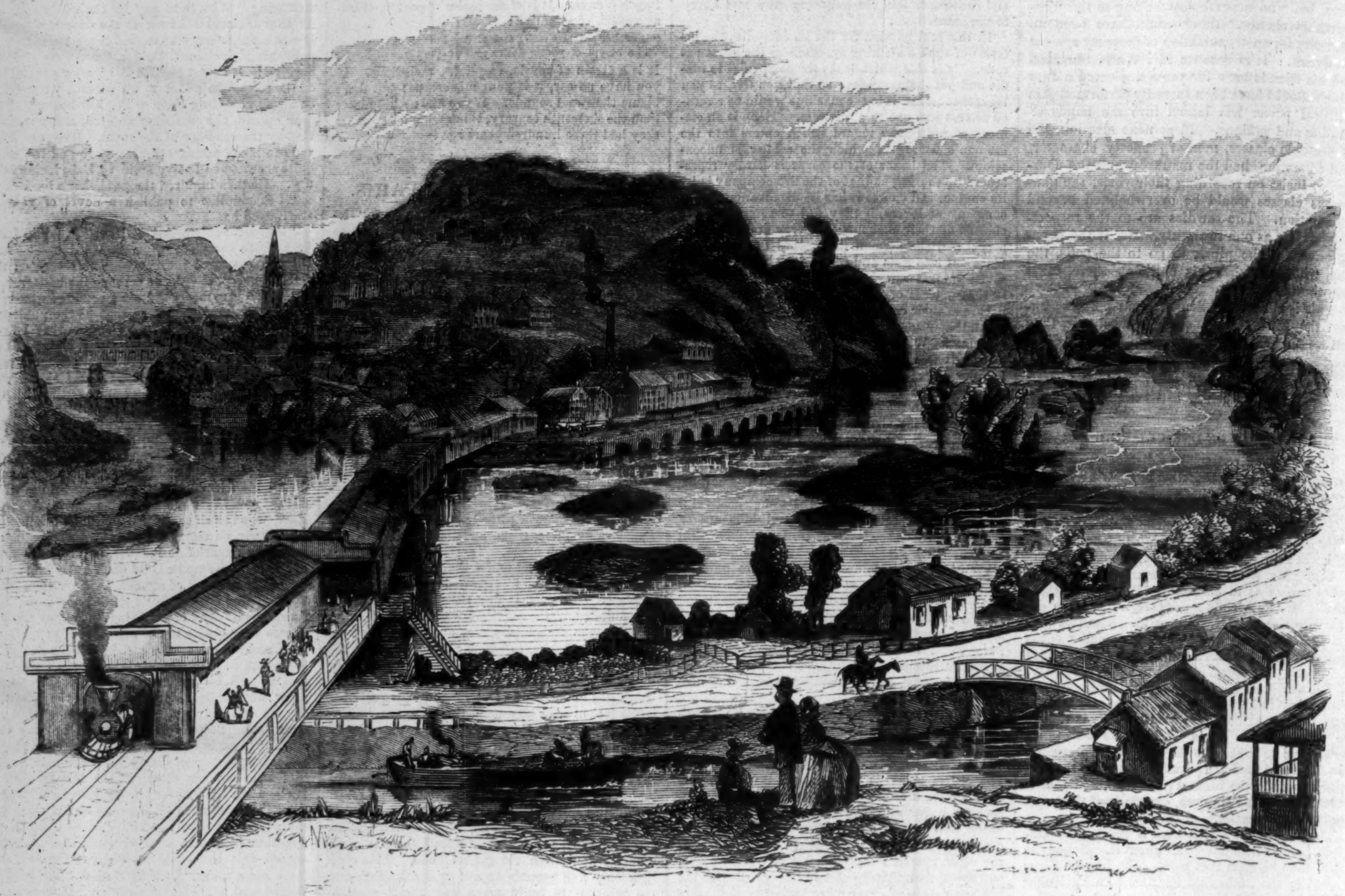
One of the oddest Bohemians who ever lived was a man of the name of Cabannon, who, in this civilized century, played tricks which we would only believe to have happened in the "Arabian Nights." He lived in a hayloft, but on the Boulevards he always appeared most elegantly dressed. He also possessed the livery of a footman, and when courting a lady, would sometimes say: "Permit me to send you some flowers by my negro." He then returned in to his hayloft, blackened his face and hands, put on his livery, and carried the promised bouquet to the lady, saying: "My master, M. Cabannon, has the honor of sending these flowers to madame." On one occasion a gallantry of this kind cost him his last five francs. The lady to whom he brought the flowers was so charmed with their beauty that she gave him a louis gratuity. Cabannon was thus compelled to accept fifteen francs for his courtesy.

The Bohemians are often very generous. When Benazet, the celebrated croupier, still reigned at the Palais Royal, a Bohemian once won thirty thousand francs in *trente et quarante*. He might have taken the money to a banker, but not knowing one, he kept it in his pocket, and while strolling through the garden of the Palais Royal, he met three of his friends, and at once gave them thirteen thousand francs. "Eh, well," he said, after they had parted, "seventeen thousand francs is an odd sum; I had better go back, and gain three thousand more to make twenty thousand." Shortly afterward he returned with a much lighter purse than he had entered with, and possessing, in fact, only twenty-four sous, which he had cautiously laid aside for his dinner; nor did he think of going to those friends to whom he had just given thirteen thousand francs, but went quietly to the restaurant where he usually dined for twenty-four sous.

During the reign of Louis Philippe there were many political Bohemians who connected themselves with the parliamentary opposition. Among them was one so poor that he could never afford to dine; he went to bed at four o'clock A.M., rose at seven P.M., then dressed, and went into society, where he satisfied his hunger with sandwiches and confectionery; but he principally frequented political balls, where cold chicken and ham were to be had. One day he was asked his opinion on M. Odillon-Barrot. The reply was: "He has no *pâté de foie-gras*."

The Bohemian is sometimes ferocious. It happened that the wife of one fell ill. The physician declared she could only be saved by having her hair, which was remarkably long and fine, cut off. "Then I prefer losing her," answered the Bohemian; and he really lost her.

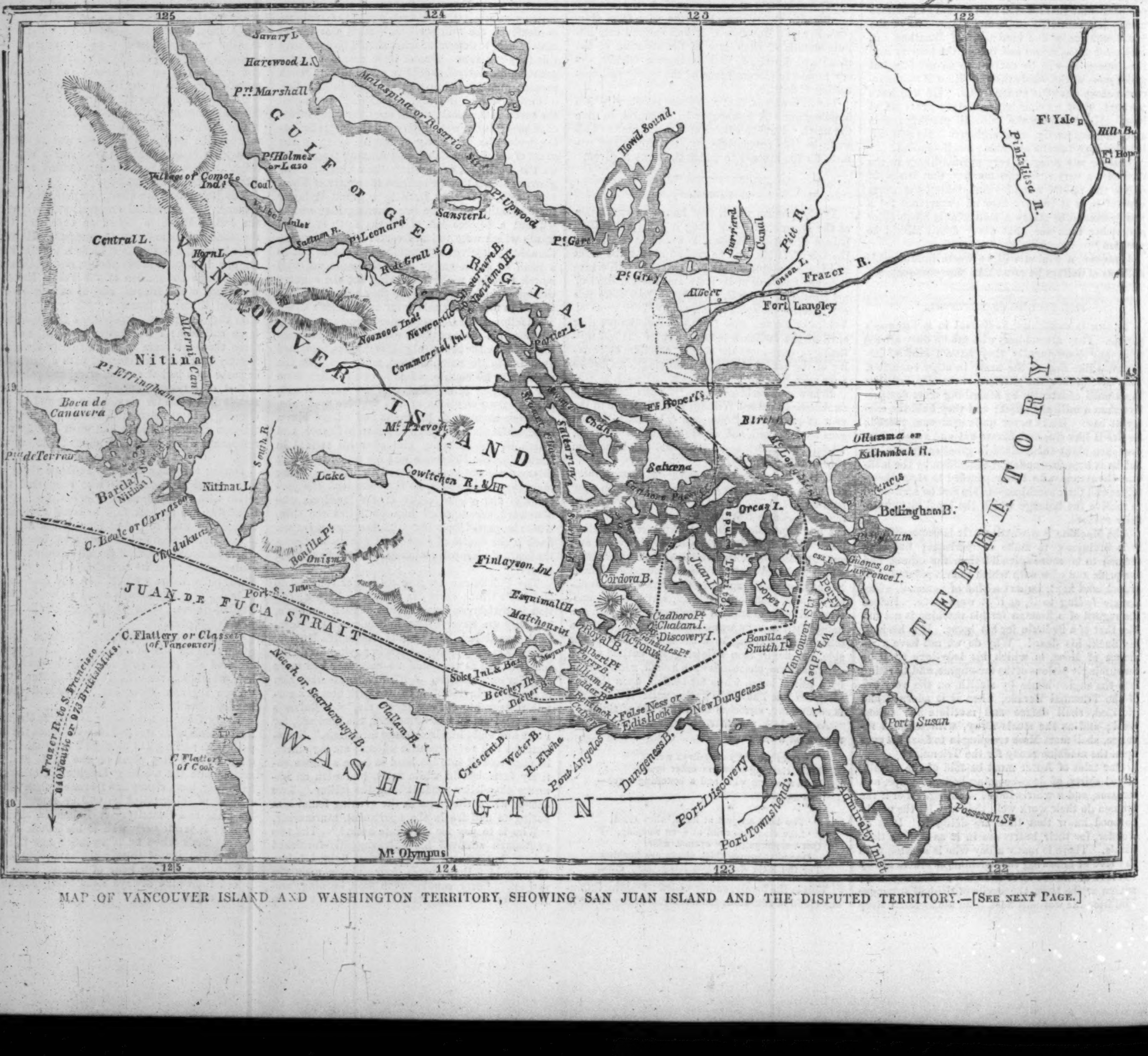
Every thing is not *couleur de rose* in the merry land of Bohemia; woe to him who treads the stony path with nothing but courage for his stick! Too often he will stop short on the road, and hear around him the mocking laughter of others who have been more clever and fortunate than himself. Instead of being pitied he will be reproached for his pride and temerity. A Bohemian should be young; it is all very well if his watch is at the pawnbroker's when he is twenty; but if he has reached the age of thirty, the same watch must indicate the smiling hour of success, for a gray-haired Bohemian always risks being confounded with a rogue.



HARPER'S FERRY—THE SCENE OF THE LATE INSURRECTION.

HARPER'S FERRY.

THE accompanying engraving will convey to the beholder an accurate idea of the scene of the late singular and disastrous insurrection at Harper's Ferry. The spot is familiar to tourists. The town, or village, is built on the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac, which, after uniting, rush with impetuosity through a cleft in the Blue Ridge. Numbers of writers, among others Mr. Jefferson, have exerted their utmost skill to describe the enchanting scenery of the place. The bridge over the Potomac, where the train was stopped by the rioters, is one of the finest in the country; it is curved, and nine hundred feet long. Nearly all the level river margin has been used



MAP OF VANCOUVER ISLAND AND WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SHOWING SAN JUAN ISLAND AND THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

for the National Armory, so that the town scrambles picturesquely among the upland bluffs, till the hill-top, like the end of all things, is terminated by the graves and monuments of a cemetery.

The Armory usually employs 240 hands, and turns out 8850 stand of arms each year. The population, including the suburbs, is only about 3000, of whom about 350 are blacks.

THE SAN JUAN DISPUTED TERRITORY.

The accompanying map will enable our readers to follow intelligently the progress of the pending controversy with Great Britain in relation to the Island of San Juan. A very few words will render the map complete as a geographical picture.

When the "Fifty-four forty or fight" dispute was ended by the treaty of 1846, the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain was declared to run "along 49° north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, and thence southerly through the middle of said channel and of Fuca's Strait to the Pacific Ocean." The question which now arises is—where is the channel? The boundary line is plain until it strikes the San Juan archipelago; but there the question arises—does it pass east or west of that archipelago? The British claim that it passes east of the islands, so as to give the group to Great Britain; General Harney and other American authorities claim that the true channel is west of the islands, which consequently belong to the United States. The question should be decided by sailors. Dispassionate sailors should be asked whether, if they had to sail from Fuca's Strait to Frazer's River, they would steer through Haro or Rosario Strait? If they answered in favor of the former, then the islands belong to us; if they would choose the latter, then they belong to Great Britain.

We have no desire to prejudge this question, which will naturally engage the best intellects of both countries. But it is right to place on record a few of the reasons which have induced General Harney to decide the question in favor of his country.

The two essential characteristics of a "channel," as opposed to lateral streams, are superior width and depth. Now Haro Strait is throughout wider than Rosario Strait. As to depth, the *Herald* gives the following table of soundings, which show that Haro Strait is likewise deeper:

"Soundings in Haro Strait, *in fathoms.*—37, 170, 90, 65, 96, 100, 150, 150, 115, 115, 84.

"Soundings in Rosario Strait, *in fathoms.*—37, 45, 50, 66, 160, 43, 45, 49, 48, 67."

Assuming these soundings to be correct, this argument must tell against the English claim.

It is also noteworthy that, though the Hudson's Bay Company seems to have kept sheep on San Juan Island without objection from this country, the Legislature of Washington Territory have always spoken, in their acts, of the islands as forming part of the Territory, and, in 1854, expressly included them in the county of Whatcom. An American official has resided on the islands for some years as Custom-house collector, and it seems that he may have actually collected duties.

The rule is, that littoral islands, if not otherwise owned, belong to the nearest main land. This principle would secure the San Juan archipelago to the United States. The English, it seems, are willing to yield to the United States the islands of Lopez and Orcas, provided they retain San Juan, which, being 70 square miles in size, and well adapted for a place of strength, commands the Haro Strait. But from the temper of the United States officials it seems unlikely that this compromise would suit them. At any rate, we trust that the dispute will be conducted with temper and judgment on our side, and that the great interests in common between the two nations will not be jeopardled.

REP-REP-SENTIVE-OF-OF-DEAR PE-PE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE CRASH, UP TOWN.

The moment Mrs. Dagon heard the dismal news of Boniface Newt's failure she came running round to see his wife. The house was as solemnly still as the store and office down town. Mrs. Dagon looked in at the parlor, which was darkened by closed blinds and shades drawn over the windows, and in which all the furniture was set as for a funeral, except that the chilly chintz covers were not removed.

She found Mrs. Nancy Newt in her chamber with May.

"Well, well! What does this mean? It's all nothing. Don't you be alarmed. What's failing? It doesn't mean any thing; and I really hope, now that he has actually failed and done with it, Boniface will be a little more cheerful and liberal. Those parlor curtains are positively too bad! Boniface ought to have plenty of time to himself; and I hope he will give more of those little dinners, and cheer himself up! How is he?"

Mrs. Newt was dissolved in tears. She shook her head weakly, and rubbed her hands.

"Oh! Aunt Dagon, it's dreadful to see him. He don't seem himself. He does nothing but sit at the table and drum with his fingers; and in the night he lies awake, thinking. And, oh dear!" she said, giving way to a sudden burst of grief, "he doesn't scold at any thing."

Mrs. Dagon listened and reflected.

"My dear," she asked, "has he settled any thing upon you?"

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Newt.

"Aunt Dagon," said May, who sat by, looking at the old lady, "we are now poor people. We shall sell this house, and go and live in a small way out of sight."

"Fiddle, diddle! my dear," returned Mrs. Dagon, warmly. "You'll do no such thing. Poor people, indeed! Why, May, you know nothing about these things. Failing, failing; why, my dear, that's nothing. A New York merchant expects to fail, just as an English nobleman expects to have the gout. It isn't exactly a pleasant thing, but it's extremely respectable. Every body fails. It's understood."

"What's understood?" asked May.

"Why, that business is a kind of game, and that every body runs for luck. Oh, I know all about it, my dear! It's all a string of cards—as Colonel Burr used to say; and I think if any body knew the world, he did—it's all a string of cards or blocks. B trusts A, C trusts B, D trusts C, and so on. A tumbles over, and down go B and C and D. That's the whole of it, my dear. Colonel Burr used to say that his rule was to keep himself just out of reach of any other block. If they knock me over, my dear Miss Bunley, he once said to me—ah! May, what a voice he said it in: what an eye!—if they knock me over, I shall be so busy picking myself up that I shall be forced to be selfish, and can't help them. That was Colonel Burr's principle. He declared it was the only way in which you could be sure of helping others. People talk about Colonel Burr. My dear, Colonel Burr was a man who minded his own business."

"I have nothing to say of Colonel Burr and his principles, Aunt Dagon. I have seen the old man once, and he's living somewhere in town now. His doom is more dreadful than, I think, most people could bear. Perhaps not a solitary human being who really loves him or believes in him. I do not say justly, or unjustly; for it seems to me nobody can deserve any thing like his fate. But, Aunt Dagon, I don't think it strange that people who admire him should think lightly of paying their debts."

"Prejudice, prejudice, my dear! People don't expect to have every thing paid that is owing to them."

May Newt held her tongue. She felt instinctively that a woman of sixty-five, who had been trained by Colonel Burr, was not very likely to accept the opinions of a girl of her years. Mrs. Newt was feebly rocking herself during the conversation between her daughter and aunt; and when they had finished said, despairingly,

"Dear me! what will people say? Oh! I can't go and live poor. I'm not used to it. I don't know how."

"Live poor!" sniffed Mrs. Dagon; "of course you won't live poor. I've heard Boniface say often enough that it was too bad to be fighting so to be rich, but it was a world of good-for-nothing people; and you don't think he's going to let good-for-nothing people drive him from a becoming style of living? Fiddle! I'd like to see him undertake to live poor."

"Do you think people will come to see us?" gasped Mrs. Newt.

"Come? Of course they will. They'll all rush, the first thing, to see how you take it. Why, such a thing as this is a godsend to 'em. They'll have something to talk about for a week. And they'll all try to discover if you mean to sell out at auction. Oh, they will be *so* sorry!" said the old lady, imitating imaginary callers; "'and, my dear Mrs. Newt, what *are* you going to do? And to think of your being obliged to leave this lovely house!' Come?—did you ever know the vultures not to come to a carcass?"

Mrs. Nancy Newt looked appalled; and so energetic was Mrs. Dagon in her allusion to vultures and carcass, that her niece unconsciously put to her nose the smelling-bottle she held in her hand.

HOW SOUNDLY HE SLEEPS!

"Oh, it's dreadful!" she sighed, rocking and smelling, and with the tears oozing from her eyes.

"Fiddle! I won't hear of it. 'Tain't dreadful. It's nothing at all. You must go out with me and make calls this very morning. It's none of your business. If your husband chooses to fail, let him fail. He can't expect you to take to making shirts, and to give up society. I shall call at twelve in the carriage; and, mind, don't you look red and mopy. Remember. So, good-morning! And, May, I want to speak to you."

They left Mrs. Newt rocking and weeping, with the smelling-bottle at her nose, and descended to the solemn parlor.

"What brought this about?" asked Mrs. Dagon as she closed the door. "Your mother is so serious and silly that it does no good to talk to her. Where's Abel?"

"Aunt Dagon, I have my own opinion, but I know nothing. I suppose Abel is down town."

"What's your opinion?"

May paused for a moment, and then said:

"From what I have heard drop from father during the last few years since Abel has been in the business, I don't believe that Abel has helped him—"

"Exactly," interrupted Mrs. Dagon, as if soliloquizing; "and why on earth didn't the fellow marry Hope Wayne, or that Southern girl, Grace Plumer?"

"Abel marry Hope Wayne?" asked May, with an air and tone of such utter amazement and incredulity that Aunt Dagon immediately recovered from her abstraction, and half smiled.

"Why, why not?" said she, with equal simplicity.

May Newt knew Hope Wayne personally, and she had also heard of her from Gabriel Bennet. Indeed, Gabriel had no secrets from May. The whole school story of his love had been told to her, and she shared the young man's feeling for the woman who, when younger, had so utterly enthralled his boyish imagination. But Gabriel's story of school life also included her brother Abel, and what she heard of the boy agreed with what she knew and felt of the man.

"I presume," said May Newt, loftily, "that Hope Wayne would be as likely to marry Aaron Burr as Abel Newt."

Mrs. Dagon looked at her kindly, and with amused admiration.

"Well, May, at any rate I congratulate Gabriel Bennet."

May's lofty look drooped.

"And if"—continued Mrs. Dagon—"if it was so wonderfully impossible that Abel should marry Hope Wayne, why might he not have married Grace Plumer, or some other rich girl? I'm sure I don't care who. It was evidently the only thing for *him*, whatever it may be for other people. When you are of my age, May, you will rate things differently. Well-bred men and women in society ought to be able to marry any body; society isn't heaven, and it's silly to behave as if it were. Your romance is very pretty, dear; we all have it when we are young, as we have the measles and the whooping-cough. But we get robust constitutions, my dear," said the old lady, smiling kindly, "when we have been through all that business. When you and Gabriel have half a dozen children, and your girls grow up to be married, you'll understand all about it. I suppose you know about Mellish Whitloe and Laura Magot; don't you, dear?"

May shook her head negatively.

"Well, they are people who were wise early. Just after they were married he said to her, 'Laura, I see that you are fond of this new dance which is coming in; you like to waltz.' 'Yes, I do,' said she. 'Well, I don't like it, and I don't want you to waltz.' She pouted and cried, and called him a tyrant. He hummed Yankee Doodle. 'I *will* waltz,' said she at length. 'Very well, my dear,' he answered. 'I'll make a bargain with you. If you waltz, I'll get drunk.' You see it works perfectly. They respect each other, and each does as the other wishes. I hope you'll be as wise with Gabriel, my dear."

"Aunt, I hope I shall never be as old as you are," said May, quietly. "I'd rather die."

Mrs. Dagon laughed her laugh. "That's right, dear, stand by your colors. You're all safe. Gabriel is Lawrence's partner. You can afford to be romantic, dear."

As she spoke the door opened and Abel entered. His dress was disordered, his face was flushed, and his manner excited. He ran up to May and kissed her. She recoiled from the unaccustomed caress, and both she and Mrs. Dagon perceived in his appearance and manner, as well as in the odor, which presently filled the room, that Abel was intoxicated.

"May, darling," he began in a maudlin tone, "how's our dear mother?"

"She's pretty well," replied May, "but you had better not go up and see her."

"No, darling, I won't go if you say not."

His eyes then fell uncertainly upon Mrs. Dagon, and he added, thickly,

"That's only Aunt Dagon. How do, Aunt Dagon?"

He smiled at her and at May, and continued:

"I don't mind Aunt Dagon. Do you mind her, May?"

"What do you want, Abel?" asked May, with the old expression sliding into her eyes that used to be there when she sat alone—a fairy princess in her tower, and thought of many things.

Abel had seated himself upon the sofa, with his hat still on his head. There was perhaps something in May's tone that alarmed him, for he began to shed tears.

"Oh! May, don't you love your poor Abel?"

She looked at him without speaking. At length she said, "Where have you been?"

"I've been to General Belch's," he sobbed in reply; "and I don't mind Aunt Dagon, if you don't."

"What do you mean by that, you silly fool?" asked Mrs. Dagon, sharply.

Abel stopped and looked half angry, for a moment, but immediately fell into the old strain.

"I mean I'd just as lieve say it before her."

"Then say it," said May.

"Well, May, darling, couldn't you now just coax Gabriel—good fellow, Gabriel—used to know him and love him at school—couldn't you coax him to get Uncle Lawrence to do something?"

May shook her head. Abel began to snivel.

"I don't mean for the house. D—n it, that's gone to smash. I mean for myself, May, for your poor brother Abel. You might just try."

He lay back and looked at her ruefully.

"Aunt Dagon," she said, quietly, "we had better go out of the room. Abel, don't you come up stairs while you are in this state. I know all that Uncle Lawrence has done for father and you, and he will do nothing more. Do you expect him to pay your gambling debts?" she asked, indignantly.

Abel raised himself fiercely, while the bad blackness filled his eyes.

"D—d old hunx!" he shouted.

But nobody heard. Mrs. Dagon and May Newt had closed the door, and Abel was left alone.

"It's no use," he said, moodily and aloud, but still thickly. "I can't help it. I shall have to do just as Belch wishes. But he must help me. If he expects me to serve him, he must serve me. He says he can—buy off—Bodley—and then—why, then—devil take it!"

he said, vacantly, with heavy eyes, "then—then—oh yes!" He smiled a maudlin smile. "Oh yes! I shall be a great—a great—great—man—I'sle be—rep—rep—sentive—ofs—ofs—dear pe—pe."

His head fell like a lump upon the cushion of the sofa, and he breathed heavily, until the solemn, dark, formal parlor smelled like a barroom.

CHAPTER LXVII.

ENDYMION.

LAWRENCE NEWT had told Aunt Martha that he preferred to hear from a young woman's own lips that she loved him. Was he suspicious of the truth of Aunt Martha's assertion?

When the Burt will was read, and Fanny Dinks had hissed her envy and chagrin, she had done more than she would willingly have done: she had said that all the world knew he was in love with Hope Wayne. If all the world knew it, then surely Amy Waring did; and if she did, was it so strange, he thought, that she should have said what she did to me?

He thought often of these things. His views changed as newer thoughts came. But one of the days when he sat in his office, and the junior partner was engaged in writing the letters which formerly Lawrence wrote, the question slid into his mind as brightly, but as softly and benignantly, as daylight into the sky.

"Does it follow that she does not love me? If she did love me, but thought that I loved Hope Wayne, would she not hide it from me in every way—not only to save her own pride, but in order not to give me pain?"

So secret and reticent was he, that as he thought this he was nervously anxious lest the junior partner should happen to look up and read it all in his eyes.

Lawrence Newt rose and stood at the window, with his back to Gabriel, for his thoughts grew many and strange.

As he came down that morning he had stopped at Hope Wayne's, and they had talked for a long time. Gabriel had told his partner of his visit to Mrs. Fanny Dinks; and for some reason Lawrence had mentioned it to Hope Wayne. The young woman listened intently.

"You don't think I ought to increase the allowance?" she asked.

"Why should you?" he replied. "Alfred's father still allows him the six hundred, and Alfred has promised solemnly that he will never mention to his wife the thousand you allow him. I don't think he will, because he is afraid she would stop it in some way. As it is, she knows nothing more than that six hundred dollars seems to go a very great way. Your income is large; but I think a thousand dollars for the support of two utterly useless people is quite as much as you are called upon to pay, although one of them is your cousin, and the other my niece."

They went on to talk of many things. In all she showed the same calm candor and tenderness. In all he showed the same humorous quaintness and good sense. Lawrence Newt observed that these interviews were becoming longer and longer, as the affairs to arrange really became fewer. He could not discover that there was any particular reason for it; and yet he became uncomfortable in the degree that he was conscious of it.

When the Round Table met, it was evident from the conversation between Hope Wayne and Lawrence Newt that he was very often at her house; and sometimes, whenever they all appeared to be conscious that each one was thinking of that fact, the cloud settled more heavily, but just as impalpably as before, over the little circle. It was not removed by the conviction which Amy Waring and Arthur Merlin entertained, that at all such times Hope Wayne was trying not to show that she was peculiarly excited by this consciousness.

And she was excited by it. She knew that the interviews were longer and longer, and that there was less reason than ever for any interviews whatsoever. But when Lawrence Newt was talking to her—when he was looking at her—when he was moving about the room—she was happier than she had ever been—happier than she had supposed she could ever be. When he went, that day was done. Nor did another dawn until he came again.

Perhaps Hope Wayne understood the meaning of that mysterious constraint which now so often enveloped the Round Table.

As for Arthur Merlin, the poor fellow did what all poor fellows do. So long as it was uncertain whether she loved him or not, he was willing to say nothing. But when he was perfectly sure that there was no hope for him, he resolved to speak.

In vain his Aunt Winnifred had tried to cheer him. Ever since the morning when he had told her in his studio the lovely legend of Latmos he could not persuade himself that he had not unwittingly told his own story. Aunt Winnifred showered the choicest tracts about his room. She said with a sigh that she was sure he had experienced no change of heart; and Arthur replied, with a melancholy smile, "Not the slightest."

The kind old lady was sorely puzzled. It did not occur to her that her Arthur could be the victim of an unfortunate attachment, as she described the love-lorn heroes of whom she had read in the evil days when she read novels. It did not occur to her, because she could as easily have supposed a rose-tree to resist June as any woman her splendid Arthur.

If some gossip to whom she sighed [illegible] shook her head, and wondered what could possibly ail Arthur, who ate his dinner heartily, and had as many orders for portraits as he cared to fulfill, suggested that there was a woman in the case, good Aunt Winnifred smiled bland incredulity.

"Dear Mrs. Toxer, I should like to see that woman!"

Then she plied her darning-needles nimbly, sighed, scratched her head with a needle, counted her stitches, and said,

"Sometimes I can't but hope that it is concern of mind, without his knowing it."

Mrs. Toxer also knitted, and scratched, and counted.

"No, ma'am; much more likely concern of heart with a full consciousness of it. One, two, three—bless my soul! I'm always dropping a stitch."

Aunt Winnifred, who never dropped stitches, smiled pleasantly and answered,

"Yes, indeed, and this time you have dropped a very great one."

Meanwhile Arthur's great picture advanced rapidly. Diana, who had looked only like a portrait of Hope Wayne gazing out of a cloud, was now more fully completed. She was still bending from the clouds indeed, but there was more and more human softness in the face every time he touched it. And lo! he had found, at last, Endymion. He lay upon a grassy knoll. Long whispering tufts sighed around his head, which rested upon the very summit of the mountain. There were no trees, no rocks. There was nothing but the sleeping figure with the shepherd's crook by his side upon the mountain top, all lying bare to the sky and to the eyes that looked from the cloud, and from which all the moonlight of the picture fell.

When Lawrence Newt came into the studio one morning, Arthur, who worked in secret upon his picture and never showed it, asked him if he would like to look at it. The merchant said yes, and seated himself comfortably in a large chair, while the artist brought the canvas from an inner room and placed it before him. As he did so, Arthur stepped a little aside, and watched him closely.

Lawrence Newt gazed for a long time and silently at the picture. As he did so, his face rapidly donned its armor of inscrutability, and Arthur's eyes attacked it in vain. Diana was clearly Hope Wayne. That he had seen all along. But Endymion was as clearly Lawrence Newt! He looked steadily without turning his eyes, and after many minutes he said, quietly,

"It is beautiful. It is triumphant. Endymion is a trifle too old perhaps. But Diana's face is so noble and her glance so tenderly earnest that it would surely rouse him if he were not dead."

"Dead!" returned Arthur, "why, you know he is only sleeping."

"No, no," said Lawrence, gently, "dead; utterly dead—to her. If he were not, it would be simply impossible not to awake and love her. Who's that old gentleman on the wall over there?" and he pointed to another picture.

Lawrence Newt asked the same question of all the portraits so persistently that Arthur could not return to his Diana. When he had satisfied his curiosity—a curiosity which he had never shown before—the merchant rose and said good-by.

"Stop, stop!"

Lawrence Newt turned, with his hand upon the door.

"You like my picture—"

"Immensely. But if she looks forever she'll never waken him. Poor Endymion! he's dead to all that heavenly splendor."

He was about closing the door.

"Hallo!" cried Arthur.

Lawrence Newt put his head into the room.

"What a pity that he's dead!"

"Why so?"

"Because goddesses never marry, so she wouldn't hurt him."

Lawrence Newt's head disappeared.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

DIANA.

"GOOD-MORNING, Miss Hope."

"Good-morning, Mr. Merlin."

He bowed, and seated himself, and the conversation seemed to have terminated. Hope Wayne was embroidering. The moment she perceived that there was silence she found it very hard to break it.

"Are you busy now?"

"Very busy."

"As long as men and women are vain, so long your profession will flourish, I suppose," said Hope Wayne, lifting her eyes and smiling.

"I like it because it tells the truth," replied Arthur, crushing his hat.

"It omitted Alexander's wry neck," said Hope.

"It put in Cromwell's pimple," answered Arthur.

They both smiled.

"However, that is not the kind of truth I mean—I mean poetic truth. Michael Angelo's Last Judgment shows the whole Catholic Church."

Hope Wayne felt relieved, and looked interested. She did not feel so much afraid of the silence, now that Arthur seemed entering upon a disquisition. But he stopped and said,

"I've painted a picture."

"Full of poetic truth, I suppose," rejoined Hope, still smiling.

"I've come to ask you to go and see."

"Now?"

"Now."

She laid aside her embroidery, and in a little while they had reached his studio. As Hope Wayne entered she was impressed by the spaciousness of the room, the chastened light, and the coruscations of rich color hanging upon the walls.

"It's like the garden of the Hesperides," she said, gayly—"such mellow shadows, and such gorgeous colors, like those of celestial fruits. I don't wonder you paint poetic truth."

Arthur Merlin smiled.

"Now you shall judge," said he.

Hope Wayne seated herself in the chair where Lawrence Newt had been sitting not two hours before, and settled herself to enjoy the spectacle she anticipated, for she had a secret faith in Arthur's genius, and she meant to purchase this great work of poetic truth at her own valuation. Arthur placed the picture upon the easel and drew the curtain from it, stepping aside as before to watch her face.

The airy smile upon Hope Wayne's face faded instantly. The blood rushed to her hair. But she did not turn her eyes, nor say a word. The moment she felt she could trust her voice she asked, gravely, without looking at Arthur,

"What is it?"

"It is Diana and Endymion," replied the painter.

She looked at it for a long time, half-closing her eyes, which clung to the face of Endymion.

"I have not made Diana tender enough," thought Arthur, mournfully, as he watched her.

"How soundly he sleeps!" said Hope Wayne, at length, as if she had been really trying to wake him.

"You think he merely sleeps?" asked Arthur.

"Certainly; why not?"

"Oh! I thought so too. But Lawrence Newt, who sat two hours ago just where you are sitting, said, as he looked at the picture, that Endymion was dead."

Hope Wayne put her finger to her lip, and looked inquiringly at her companion.

"Dead! Did he say dead?" she asked.

"Dead," repeated Arthur Merlin.

"I thought Endymion only slept," continued Hope Wayne, "but Mr. Newt is a judge of pictures; he knows."

"He certainly spoke as if he knew," persisted the painter, recklessly, as he saw and felt the usual calmness return to his companion. "He said that if he were not dead he couldn't resist such splendor of beauty."

As Arthur Merlin spoke he looked directly into Hope Wayne's face, as if he were speaking of her.

"Mr. Newt's judgment seems to be better than his memory," said she, pleasantly.

"How?"

"He forgets that Endymion *did* awake. He has not allowed time enough for the effect of Diana's eyes. Now I am sure," she said, shaking her finger at the picture, "I am sure that that silly shepherd will not sleep there forever. Never fear, he will wake up. Diana never looks or loves for nothing."

"It will do no good if he does," insisted Arthur, ruefully, as if he were sure that Hope Wayne understood that he was speaking in parables.

"Why?" she asked, as she rose, still looking at the picture.

"Because goddesses never marry."

He looked into her eyes with so much meaning, and the "do they?" which he did not utter was so perfectly expressed by his tone, that Hope Wayne, as she moved slowly toward the door, looking at the pictures on the wall as she passed, said, with her eyes upon the pictures and not upon the painter,

"Do you know the moral of that remark of yours?"

"Moral? Heaven forbid! I don't make moral remarks," replied Arthur.

"This time you have done it," she said, smiling; "you have made a remark with a moral. I'm going, and I leave it with you as a legacy. The moral is, If goddesses never marry, don't fall in love with a goddess."

She put out her hand to him as she spoke. He involuntarily took it, and they shook hands warmly.

"Good-morning, Mr. Merlin," she said. "Remember the Round Table to-morrow evening."

She was gone, and Arthur Merlin sank into the chair she had just left.

"Oh, Heavens!" said he, "did she understand or not?"

LITERARY.

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HUMBOLDT, published by Rudd & Carleton, is an excellent specimen of biography, readable as well as instructive, not tedious nor tiresome, but to the point. We have seldom seen a work as well done. Although published anonymously (except as to the preface, which is by Bayard Taylor), we find the modest initials of R. H. Stoddard, Esq., on the last page of the book, and we venture the assertion that, if Mr. Stoddard will write more biographies in this style, there will be plenty of readers to buy them.

SWORD AND GOWN, by the Author of "Guy Livingstone" (octavo, paper; price 25 cents). The many admirers of that popular and brilliant novel, "Guy Livingstone," will be glad to know that Messrs. Harper & Brothers have just published a second book by the same author. "Sword and Gown" has the same peculiar power of thought and vigor of narrative which make "Guy Livingstone" one of the most interesting novels of our time, and gave to its author—who, by-the-way, persists in remaining nameless—a place among the strongest writers and novelists of the day. We are glad to know that Messrs. Harper & Brothers have placed "Sword and Gown" in their admirable "Library of Select Novels," and sell it at twenty-five cents.

From Higgins, Bradley, & Dayton, we have THE YOUNG MEN OF THE BIBLE—a series of lectures before the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston by such men as Dr. Adams, Dr. Kirk, Bishop Eastburn, and other eminent clergymen.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRAORDINARY INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

ONE of the most extraordinary events that ever occurred in our history took place last week at Harper's Ferry. We shall endeavor to give our readers a connected history of the affair, which, at the present time, has been brought to a close.

THE FIRST ACTIVE MOVEMENT.

The first active movement in the insurrection was made at about half past ten o'clock on Sunday night. William Williamson, the watchman at Harper's Ferry bridge, while walking across toward the Maryland side, was seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner, and must come with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the men, and knowing them, treated the matter as a joke; but enforcing silence, they conducted him to the Armory, which he found already in their possession. He was detained till after daylight, and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight found the bridge lights all out, and was immediately seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers stumbling over him, he escaped.

ARREST OF COLONEL WASHINGTON AND OTHERS.

The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Colonel Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slave-owner, living about four miles from the ferry. A party, headed by Cook, proceeded there, and rousing Colonel Washington, told him he was their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, took a carriage horse, and a large wagon with two horses. When Colonel Washington saw Cook he immediately recognized him as the man who had called upon him some months previous, to whom he had exhibited some valuable arms in his possession, including an antique sword presented by Frederick the Great to George Washington, and a pair of pistols presented by Lafayette to Washington, both being heir-looms in the family. Before leaving Cook wanted Colonel Washington to engage in a trial of skill at shooting, and exhibited considerable skill as a marksman. When he made the visit on Sunday night he alluded to his previous visit, and the courtesy with which he had been treated, and regretted the necessity which made it his duty to arrest Colonel Washington. He, however, took advantage of the knowledge he had obtained by his former visit to carry off all the valuable collection of arms, which the Colonel did not reobtain till after the final defeat of the insurrection.

From Colonel Washington's he proceeded with him as a prisoner in the carriage, and twelve of his negroes in the wagon, to the house of Mr. Alstadt, another large farmer, on the same road. Mr. Alstadt and his son, a lad of sixteen, were taken prisoners, and all their negroes within reach forced to join the movement. He then returned to the Armory at the Ferry.

THE STOPPAGE OF THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

At the upper end of the town the mail train arrived at the usual hour, when a colored man, who acted as assistant to the baggage-master, was shot, receiving a mortal wound, and the conductor, Mr. Phelps, was threatened with violence if he attempted to proceed with the train. Feeling uncertain as to the condition of affairs, the conductor waited until after daylight before he ventured to proceed, having delayed the train six hours.

Luther Simpson, baggage-master of the mail-train, gives the following particulars: I walked up the bridge; was stopped, but was afterward permitted to go up and see the captain of the insurrectionists; I was taken to the Armory, and saw the captain, whose name is Bill Smith; I was kept prisoner for more than an hour, and saw from five to six hundred negroes, all having arms; there were two or three hundred white men with them; all the houses were closed. I went into a tavern kept by Mr. Chambers; thirty of the inhabitants were collected there with arms. They said most of the inhabitants had left, but they declined, preferring to protect themselves; it was reported that five or six persons had been shot.

Mr. Simpson was escorted back over the bridge by six negroes.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS AT DAYBREAK.

It was not until the town thoroughly waked up, and found the bridge guarded by armed men, and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people saw that they were prisoners. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of insurrectionists was at once largely increased. In the mean time a number of workmen, not knowing any thing of what had occurred, entered the Armory, and were successively taken prisoners, until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined in the Armory. These were imprisoned in the engine-house, which afterward became the chief fortress of the insurgents, and were not released until after the final assault. The workmen were imprisoned in a large building further down the yard.

EARLY CASUALTIES.

A colored man, named Hayward, a railroad porter, was shot early in the morning for refusing to join in the movement.

The next man shot was Joseph Burley, a citizen of Perry. He was shot standing in his own door. The insurrectionists by this time, finding a disposition to resist them, had withdrawn nearly all within the Armory grounds, leaving only a guard on the bridge.

About this time, also, Samuel P. Young, Esq., was shot dead. He was coming into town on horseback, carrying a gun, when he was shot from the Armory, receiving a wound of which he died during the day. He was a graduate of West Point, and greatly respected in the neighborhood for his high character and noble qualities.

THE ARRIVAL OF TROOPS, AND FIRST FIGHTING.

At about noon, the Charlestown troops, under command of Colonel Robert W. Bayler, crossed the Susquehanna River some distance up, and marched down the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge. Firing a volley, they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists, who retreated rapidly down toward the Armory. In this movement of the insurrectionists a man named William Thompson was taken prisoner.

The Shepherdstown troops next arrived, marching down the Shenandoah side, and joining the Charlestown forces at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of which struck Mr. Fountain Beckham, Mayor of the town, and agent of the railroad company, entering his breast and passing entirely through his body. The ball was a large elongated slug, and made a dreadful wound. Mr. Beckham died almost immediately. He was without fire-arms, and was exposed for only a moment while approaching a water-station. His assailant, one of Brown's sons, was shot almost immediately, but managed to get back to the engine-house, where his body was found next day.

The murder of Mr. Beckham greatly excited the populace, who immediately raised a cry to bring out the prisoner, Thompson. He was brought out on the bridge, and there shot down. He fell into the water, and some appearance of life still remaining, he was riddled with balls.

RESCUE OF THE WORKMEN BY THE MARTINSBURG BOYS.

While this was going on the Martinsburg levies arrived at the upper end of the town, and entering the Armory grounds by the rear, made an attack from that side. This force was largely composed of railroad employés, gathered from the tonnage trains at Martinsburg, and their attack was generally spoken of as showing the greatest amount of fighting pluck exhibited during the day. Dashing on, firing and cheering, and gallantly led by Captain Alburtis, they carried the building in which the Armory men were imprisoned, and released the whole of them.

They were, however, but poorly armed, some with pistols and others with shot-guns; and when they came within range of the engine-house, where the *élite* of the insurrectionists were gathered, and were exposed to the rapid and dexterous use of Sharp's rifles, they were forced

to fall back, suffering pretty severely. Conductor Evans Dorsey, of Baltimore, was killed instantly, and Conductor George Richardson received a wound from which he died during the day. Several others were wounded, among them a son of Dr. Hammond, of Martinsburg.

LATER CASUALTIES.

A guerrilla warfare was maintained during the rest of the day, resulting in the killing of two of the insurrectionists and the wounding of a third. One crawled out through a culvert leading into the Potomac, and attempted to cross to the Maryland side, whether with the view of escaping, or conveying information to Cook, is not known.

He was shot while crossing the river, and fell dead on the rocks. An adventurous lad waded out and secured his Sharp's rifle. The body was afterward stripped of a part of its clothing. In one of his pockets was found a captain's commission, drawn up in full form, and declaring that the bearer, Captain Lehman, held that commission under Major-General Brown. A light mulatto was shot just outside the Armory gate. The ball went through the throat, tearing away the principal arteries, and killing him instantly. His name is not known, but he is one of the free negroes who came with Brown. His body was left in the street until noon yesterday, exposed to every indignity that could be heaped upon it by the excited populace.

At this time a tall, powerful man, named Evens Stephens, came out from the Armory, conducting some prisoners, it was said. He was twice shot—once in the side, once in the breast. He was then captured and taken to a tavern, and after the insurrection was quelled was turned over to the United States authorities in a dying condition. During the afternoon a sharp little affair took place on the Shenandoah side of the town. The insurrectionists had also seized the halls of the rifle works, and a party of their assailants found their way in through a mill-race, and dislodged them.

In this rencontre, it was said, three insurrectionists were killed, but we found but one dead body, that of a negro, on that side of the town. Night by this time had set in, and operations ceased. Guards were placed around the Armory, and every precaution taken to prevent escapes.

THE NIGHT SCENE.

At 11 o'clock the Monday night train, with Baltimore military and marines, arrived at Sandy Hook, where they waited for the arrival of Colonel Lee, deputized by the War Department to take the command. The night passed without any serious alarms, but not without excitement. The marines were marched over immediately after their arrival, when Colonel Lee stationed them within the Armory grounds, so as to completely surround the engine-house. Occasionally shots were fired by country volunteers, but what for was not ascertained. There was only one return fire from the insurgents.

NEGOTIATIONS NEXT MORNING.

Early next morning a door was opened in the building occupied by the insurgents, and one of the men came out with a flag of truce, and delivered what was supposed to be terms of capitulation. The continued preparations for assault showed they were not accepted. Shortly after 7 o'clock, Lieutenant E. B. Stuart, of the 1st Cavalry, who was acting as aid for Colonel Lee, advanced to parley with the besieged, Samuel Strider, Esq., an old and respectable citizen, bearing a flag of truce. They were received at the door by Captain Cook. Lieutenant Stuart demanded an unconditional surrender, only promising them protection from immediate violence and a trial by law. Captain Brown refused all terms but those previously demanded, which were substantially, "That they should be permitted to march out with their men and arms, taking their prisoners with them; that they should proceed unpursued to the second toll-gate, when they would free their prisoners; the soldiers would then be permitted to pursue them, and they would fight if they could not escape." Of course, this was refused, and Lieutenant Stuart pressed upon Brown his desperate position, and urged a surrender. The expostulation, though beyond ear-shot, was evidently very earnest, and the coolness of the Lieutenant, and the courage of his aged flag-bearer won warm praise. At this moment the interest of the scene was most intense. The volunteers were arranged all around the building, cutting off an escape in every direction. The marines, divided in two squads, were ready for a dash at the door.

THE BUILDING STORMED.

Finally, Lieutenant Stuart, having exhausted all argument with the determined Captain Brown, walked slowly from the door.

Immediately the signal for attack was given, and the marines, headed by Colonel Harris and Lieutenant Green, advanced in two lines on each side of the door. Two powerful fellows sprung between the lines, and with heavy sledge-hammers attempted to batter down the door.

The door swung and swayed, but appeared to be secured with a rope, the spring of which deadened the effect of the blows. Failing thus, they took hold of a ladder, some forty feet long, and advancing at a run, brought it with tremendous effect against the door. At the second blow it gave way, one leaf falling inward in a slanting position. The marines immediately advanced to the breach, Major Russell and Lieutenant Green leading. A marine in front fell.

The firing from the interior was rapid and sharp. They fired with deliberate aim, and for a moment the resistance was serious, and desperate enough to excite the spectators to something like a pitch of frenzy. The next moment the marines poured in, the firing ceased, and the work was done; while cheers rang from every side, the general feeling being that the marines had done their part admirably.

APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONERS.

When the insurgents were brought out, some dead and others wounded, they were greeted with execrations, and only the precautions that had been taken saved them from immediate execution. The crowd, nearly every man of which carried a gun, swayed with tumultuous excitement, and cries of "Shoot them! shoot them!" rang from every side. The appearance of the liberated prisoners, all of whom, through the steadiness of the marines, escaped injury, changed the current of feeling, and prolonged cheers took the place of howls and execrations.

In the assault private Ruffert of the Marines received a ball in the stomach, and was believed to be fatally wounded. Another received a slight flesh wound.

The lawn in front of the engine-house after the assault presented a dreadful sight. Lying on it were two bodies of men killed on the previous day, and found inside the house; three wounded men, one of them just at the last gasp of life, and two others groaning in pain. One of the dead was Brown's son. Oteway, the wounded man, and his son Watson, were lying on the grass, the father presenting a gory spectacle. He had a severe bayonet wound in his side, and his face and hair were clotted with blood.

BROWN'S EXAMINATION.

A short time after Captain Brown was brought out he revived and talked earnestly to those about him, defending his course and avowing that he had done only what was right. He replied to questions substantially as follows: "Are you Captain Brown, of Kansas?" "I am sometimes called so." "Are you Ossawatamie Brown?" "I tried to do my duty there." "What was your present object?" "To free the slaves from bondage." "Were any other persons but those with you now connected with the movement?" "No." "Did you expect aid from the North?" "No; there was no one connected with the movement but those who came with me." "Did you expect to kill people in order to carry your point?" "I did not wish to do so, but you force us to it." Various questions of this kind were put to Captain Brown, which he answered clearly and freely, with seeming anxiety to vindicate himself.

He urged that he had the town at his mercy; that he could have burned it and murdered the inhabitants, but did not; he had treated the prisoners with courtesy, and complained that he was hunted down like a beast. He spoke of the killing of his son, which he alleged was done while bearing a flag of truce, and seemed very anxious for the safety of his wounded son. His conversation bore the impression of the conviction that whatever he had done to free slaves was right, and that in the warfare in which he was engaged he was entitled to be treated with all the respect of a prisoner of war.

CAPTURE OF ARMS.

During Tuesday morning, one of Washington's negroes came in and reported that Captain Cook was on the mountain, only three miles off; about the same time some shots were said to have been fired from the Maryland hills, and a rapid fusillade was returned from Harper's Ferry. The Independent Grays, of Baltimore, immediately started on a scouting expedition, and in two hours returned with two wagons loaded with arms and ammunition, found at Captain Brown's house.

The arms consisted of boxes filled with Sharp's rifles, pistols, etc., all bearing the stamp of the Massachusetts Manufacturing Company, Chicopee, Mass. There were also found a quantity of United States ammunition, a large number of spears, sharp iron bowie-knives fixed upon poles, a terrible looking weapon, intended for the use of the negroes, with spades, pickaxes, shovels, and every thing else that might be needed: thus proving that the expedition was well provided for, that a large party of men were expected to be armed, and that abundant means had been provided to pay all expenses.

How all these supplies were got up to this farm without attracting observation is very strange. They are supposed to have been brought through Pennsylvania. The Grays pursued Cook so fast that they secured a part of his arms, but with his more perfect knowledge of localities he was enabled to evade them.

TREATMENT OF BROWN'S PRISONERS.

The citizens imprisoned by the insurrectionists all testify to their lenient treatment. They were neither tied nor insulted, and beyond the outrage of restricting their liberty were not ill-used. Captain Brown was always courteous to them, and at all times assured them that they would not be injured. He explained his purposes to them, and while he had them (the workmen) in confinement, made no abolition speech to them. Colonel Washington speaks of him as a man of extraordinary nerve. He never blanched during the assault, though he admitted in the night that escape was impossible, and that he would have to die. When the door was broken down, one of his men exclaimed, "I surrender." The Captain immediately cried out, "There's one surrenders—give him quarter;" and at the same moment fired his own rifle at the door.

During the previous night he spoke freely with Colonel Washington, and referred to his sons. He said he had lost one in Kansas and two here. He had not pressed them to join him in the expedition, but did not regret their loss—they had died in a glorious cause.

BROWN'S PAPERS AND STORES.

On 18th a detachment of marines and some volunteers made a visit to Brown's house. They found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, and fifteen hundred pikes, with large blades affixed. They also discovered a carpet-bag, containing documents throwing much light on the affair, printed constitutions and by-laws of an organization, showing or indicating ramifications in various States of the Union. They also found letters from various individuals at the North—one from Fred Douglass, containing ten dollars from a lady for the cause; also a letter from Gerrit Smith about money matters, and a check or draft by him for $100, indorsed by the cashier of a New York bank, name not recollected. All these are in possession of Governor Wise. The Governor has issued a proclamation offering $1000 reward for Cook, and a large number of armed men are now scouring the mountains in pursuit of him.

THE PRISONERS TO BE TRIED AT CHARLESTOWN.

The prisoners have been committed to Charlestown jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. They will be indicted and tried in a few days. The question of jurisdiction has been settled in this way: the local authorities are to try the prisoners for murder, and meanwhile the United States authorities are to proceed on a charge of treason. Governor Wise said to United States District Attorney Ould that he has no objection to the General Government proceeding against the prisoners—that is, what will be left of them by the time the Virginia authorities have done with them.

THE NAMES OF THE INSURGENTS.

The names of all the parties engaged on Sunday night, except three white men whom he admits he sent away on an errand, are as follows, with their proper titles under the provisional government:

WHITES.

OFFICERS OF THE PARTY.

General John Brown, Commander-in-Chief, wounded, but will recover.

Captain Oliver Brown, dead.

Captain Watson Brown, dead.

Captain Aaron C Stephens, of Connecticut, wounded badly. He has three balls, and can not possibly recover.

Lieutenant Edwin Coppich, of Iowa, unhurt.

Lieutenant Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, dead.

Lieutenant William Leman, of Maine, dead.

Captain John E. Cook, of Connecticut, escaped.

PRIVATES.

Stewart Taylor, of Canada, dead.

Charles P. Tidd, of Maine, dead.

William Thompson, of New York, dead.

Adolph Thompson, of New York, dead.

Captain John Kage, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.

Lieutenant Jeremiah Anderson, of Indiana, dead.

With the three whites previously sent off, making seventeen whites.

NEGROES.

Daingerfield, newly of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.

Emperor, of New York, raised in South Carolina, not wounded, but a prisoner. He was elected a member of the provisional government some time since.

Lewis Leary, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.

Copeland, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, not wounded, a prisoner at Charlestown.

BROWN'S VIEWS.

Brown has had a conversation with Senator Mason, which is reported in the *Herald*. The following is a *verbatim* report of the conversation:

"MR. MASON. 'Can you tell us, at least, who furnished money for your expedition?'

"MR. BROWN. 'I furnished most of it myself. I can not implicate others. It is by my own folly that I have been taken. I could easily have saved myself from it had I exercised my own better judgment, rather than yielded to my feelings.'

"MR. MASON. 'You mean if you had escaped immediately?'

"MR. BROWN. 'No; I had the means to make myself secure without any escape, but I allowed myself to be surrounded by a force by being too tardy.'

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"MR. MASON. 'But you killed some people passing along the streets quietly.'

"MR. BROWN. 'Well, Sir, if there was any thing of that kind done it was without my knowledge. Your own citizens, who were my prisoners, will tell you that every possible means was taken to prevent it. I did not allow my men to fire, nor even to return a fire, when there was danger of killing those we regarded as innocent persons, if I could help it. They will tell you that we allowed ourselves to be fired at repeatedly, and did not return it.

"A BY-STANDER. 'That is not so. You killed an unarmed man at the corner of the house over there (at the water tank) and another besides.'

"MR. BROWN. 'See here, my friend, it is useless to dispute or contradict the report of your own neighbors who were my prisoners.'

"MR. MASON. 'If you would tell us who sent you here—who provided the means—that would be information of some value.'

"MR. BROWN. 'I will answer freely and faithfully about what concerns myself—I will answer any thing I can with honor, but not about others.'

HE WANTED TO FREE THE SLAVES.

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"MR. MASON. 'How many are engaged with you in this movement? I ask those questions for our own safety.'

"MR. BROWN. 'Any questions that I can honorably answer I will, not otherwise. So far as I am myself concerned, I have told every thing truthfully. I value my word, Sir.'

"MR. MASON. 'What was your object in coming?'

"MR. BROWN. 'We came to free the slaves, and only that.'

"A YOUNG MAN (in the uniform of a volunteer company). 'How many men in all had you?'

"MR. BROWN. 'I came to Virginia with eighteen men only, besides myself.'

"VOLUNTEER. 'What in the world did you suppose you could do here in Virginia with that amount of men?'

"MR. BROWN. 'Young man, I don't wish to discuss that question here.'

"VOLUNTEER. 'You could not do any thing.'

"MR. BROWN. 'Well, perhaps your ideas and mine on military subjects would differ materially.'

"MR. MASON. 'How do you justify your acts?'

"MR. BROWN. 'I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity—I say it without wishing to be offensive—and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you willfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.'

"MR. MASON. 'I understand that.'

"MR. BROWN. 'I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time, and all times. I hold that the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.'

HOW HE WAS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

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"MR. MASON. 'Did you consider this a military organization, in this paper (the Constitution)? I have not yet read it.'

"MR. BROWN. 'I did in some sense. I wish you would give that paper close attention.'

"MR. MASON. 'You considered yourself the Commander-in-Chief of these "provisional" military forces?'

"MR. BROWN. 'I was chosen, agreeably to the ordinance of a certain document, Commander-in-Chief of that force.'

"MR. MASON. 'What wages did you offer?'

"MR. BROWN. 'None.'

"LIEUTENANT STUART. '"The wages of sin is death."'

"MR. BROWN. 'I would not have made such a remark to you if you had been a prisoner and wounded in my hands.'

"A BY-STANDER. 'Did you not promise a negro in Gettysburg twenty dollars a month?'

"MR. BROWN. 'I did not.'

"BY-STANDER. 'He says you did.'

WHAT HE EXPECTED.

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"MR. VALLANDIGHAM. 'Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?'

"MR. BROWN. 'No, Sir; nor did I wish it. I expected to gather them up from time to time and set them free.'

"MR. VALLANDIGHAM. 'Did you expect to hold possession here till then?'

"MR. BROWN. 'Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength in supposing I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack—in delaying my movements through Monday night, and up to the time I was attacked by the Government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families and the community at large. I had no knowledge of the shooting of the negro' (Heywood).

"MR. VALLANDIGHAM. 'What time did you commence your organization in Canada?'

"MR. BROWN. 'That occurred about two years ago, if I remember right. It was, I think, in 1858.'

"MR. VALLANDIGHAM. 'Who was the Secretary?'

"MR. BROWN. 'That I would not tell if I recollected, but I do not recollect. I think the officers were elected in May, 1858. I may answer incorrectly, but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds, and my memory obscure on dates, etc.'

HIS WARNING TO THE SOUTH.

"REPORTER OF THE HERALD. 'I do not wish to annoy you; but if you have any thing further you would like to say I will report it.'

"MR. BROWN. 'I have nothing to say, only that I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or ruffian, but to aid those suffering great wrong. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better—all you people at the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared the better. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean; the end of that is not yet. These wounds were inflicted upon me—both sabre cuts on my head and bayonet stabs in different parts of my body—some minutes after I had ceased fighting and had consented to a surrender, for the benefit of others, not for my own. (This statement was vehemently denied by all around.) I believe the Major (meaning Lieutenant J. B. Stuart, of the United States Cavalry) would not have been alive—I could have killed him just as easy as a mosquito when he came in, but I supposed he came in only to receive our surrender. There had been loud and long calls of "surrender" from us—as loud as men could yell—but in the confusion and excitement I suppose we were not heard. I do not think the Major, or any one, meant to butcher us after we had surrendered.'

"An officer here stated that the orders to the marines were, not to shoot any body; but when they were fired upon by Brown's men, and one of them killed, they were obliged to return the compliment."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE INSURGENTS.

A writer in the Baltimore *Exchange* gives the following account of the personal appearance of the insurgents:

"Old Brown, the leader, is a small man, with white head and beard, and cold-looking gray eyes. When not speaking his lips are compressed, and he has the appearance of a most determined man. His two sons (one dead) were strikingly alike in their personal appearance. Each about five feet eleven inches high, with spare visage, sallow complexion, sunken eyes, and dark hair and beard. The beard was sparse and long, and their hair long and matted. The wounded man is of undoubted courage, and from his cold, sullen manner, one would suppose did not ask for or desire sympathy. Anderson, mortally wounded, is tall, black-haired, and of dark complexion. His appearance is indicative of desperate resolution. Although suffering the most intense agony from the wound in the abdomen, he did not complain, or ask for any favor, and the only evidence he gave of suffering was occasionally a slight groan. He looks to be thirty years of age. Stevens, who was wounded on Monday afternoon, and taken prisoner, is physically a model man. He is five feet eleven inches high, with fine brawny shoulders and large sinewy limbs, all the muscles finely developed and hard. He is of dark complexion, and of undoubted resolution. When taken prisoner he did not ask or expect quarter, and lay and suffered from his wounds without complaint other than a groan.

"Coppie, who was taken prisoner uninjured, is a small-sized man, but very compactly built. He has light-blue eyes, and the only one of the entire number who has a pleasing expression of countenance. He was in a most agreeable humor, and said it was immaterial to him how or in what manner he was disposed of; that he would prefer a trial by jury, but if those who had him in their power preferred to settle his case in some other manner, it would be agreeable to him.

"Green, the negro, is a large man, with a very bad countenance and expression, and a most arrant coward. He cringes and begs to every person who approaches him."

THE DEFAULTER LANE ACQUITTED.

Judge Osborne has rendered a decision of the case of Lane, the alleged Fulton Bank defaulter, dismissing the complaint. After the decision was rendered, a complaint for false pretense was preferred against Lane, and a decision on this will be given in a few days.

END OF BISHOP ONDERDONK'S CASE.

The House of Bishops on the 20th disposed of Bishop Onderdonk's case, by granting leave to withdraw his petition. This is tantamount to a refusal to reinstate. After a long discussion for some days they refused to reinstate him, even on the condition of his resigning his jurisdiction.

THE COLCHESTER BANK CASE.

The investigation in the case of Warren Leland, charged with defrauding the Colchester Bank, has been concluded at Colchester, Connecticut, resulting in the discharge of the accused by Justice Lamb. Mr. Leland was immediately rearrested on the same or similar charges, and gave bail in the sum of $10,000 to appear for trial on November 21, at the same place.

MODEL CORRESPONDENCE.

The following pleasant correspondence has passed between two eminent Democrats in this State:

"ALBANY, *September* 28, 1859.

"DEAR SIR,—At a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, held in this city on Wednesday, the 21st inst., measures were adopted to secure a more perfect organization of the State than ever before, and to provide for the registration of the Democratic voters of the State under the act of last winter. Provision was also made for the circulation of campaign papers and political documents throughout every county in the State. All this will be attended with a large expense, which can only be covered by an appeal to the liberality of such of our friends in the State as are able, and who are supposed to be willing, to contribute toward the objects indicated. An assessment was made upon you by the committee of $100, which may be remitted to Dean Richmond, Esq., its Chairman, or to the undersigned. Respectfully yours, P. CAGGER, *Secretary*."

"NEW YORK, *September* 30, 1859.

"FRIEND CAGGER,—I have your pleasant little missive of the 28th inst. Of late years I have not failed to find several of the same character as often as an election approaches, and I have annually contributed a pretty respectable sum for the benefit of 'our party,' which I do not by any means regret. What I do regret, however, is that when offices and places are to be disposed of—where measures and policy are to be discussed and decided—there are a few who monopolize and dictate in every thing. The ears of those in high places are shut to all but 'the few,' and the existence or influence of others is ignored until money is wanted.

"I don't propose to pay for the perpetuation of such a state of things, much as I desire the continued success of the Democratic party. Sincerely yours,

"WATTS SHERMAN.

"P. CAGGER, Esq., Albany."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CHINESE CORRESPONDENCE.

THE official correspondence between the British Government and its officials in China, relative to the measures taken for the ratification of the treaty at Pekin, is published.

The Hon. Colonel Bruce, British Embassador, states positively that if Admiral Hope had expressed any doubts as to the result of attempting to force the passage of the Pei-ho, they would not have been shared by the squadron, and if it be decided that the means at command were insufficient to justify so bold a line of policy, Colonel Bruce accepts the responsibility of Admiral Hope's act.

Lord John Russell's reply virtually approves of the course taken, and says that preparations are being made, in conjunction with the French Government, to enable the forces to support the plenipotentiaries in their instructions.

Colonel Bruce, in one of his letters, shows the position occupied by Mr. Ward, the American Minister, and expresses the opinion that the Chinese will not make difficulties about exchanging ratifications with him, as the conditions under which the American Minister is alone entitled to visit Pekin contain nothing offensive to Chinese pride. Colonel Bruce expresses much gratification at the friendly feeling and assistance experienced from Mr. Ward and Flag-officer Tattnall, and concludes as follows: "Mr. Ward's position is one of considerable difficulty; nor do I see, after our unsuccessful attempt at Pei-ho, that any course was open save the one which he has adopted. He has acted cordially and frankly, in the spirit of his declarations at Hong Kong; and it is a matter of satisfaction to me that his concert in our previous proceedings is a strong argument in favor of the conduct pursued by M. De Bourbolon and myself."

THE "GREAT EASTERN" TO SAIL ON 20TH FOR PORTLAND.

The directors of the *Great Eastern* have finally decided that the ship shall not go to Southampton, but leave Portland on her trial trip October 8, arriving at Holyhead about the 11th.

If the trial is successful, it is still intended to dispatch the vessel to America on the 20th. No passengers are to be taken on the trial trip. It is said that the maximum number of revolutions shall be obtained from both engines before proceeding to sea with passengers. During the trip from the Thames, the paddles never exceeded 8½ and the screw 32 revolutions per minute; and to obtain the maximum speed the paddles must go 14 revolutions.

FRANCE.

MORE WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

At latest dates the fortifications on the coast between Havre and Caen were being carried on with extreme rapidity.

The London *Herald's* Paris correspondent says it is strictly true that Napoleon has a secret understanding, both with Austria and Sardinia, which will enable him to command the whole Italian sea-board in the Mediterranean as far as Civita Vecchia; and another step in furtherance of his scheme is the expedition to Morocco, as the Mediterranean Squadron, which has sailed from Toulon with 10,000 men for the Morocco frontiers, will command the African coast from Algiers to Ceuta.

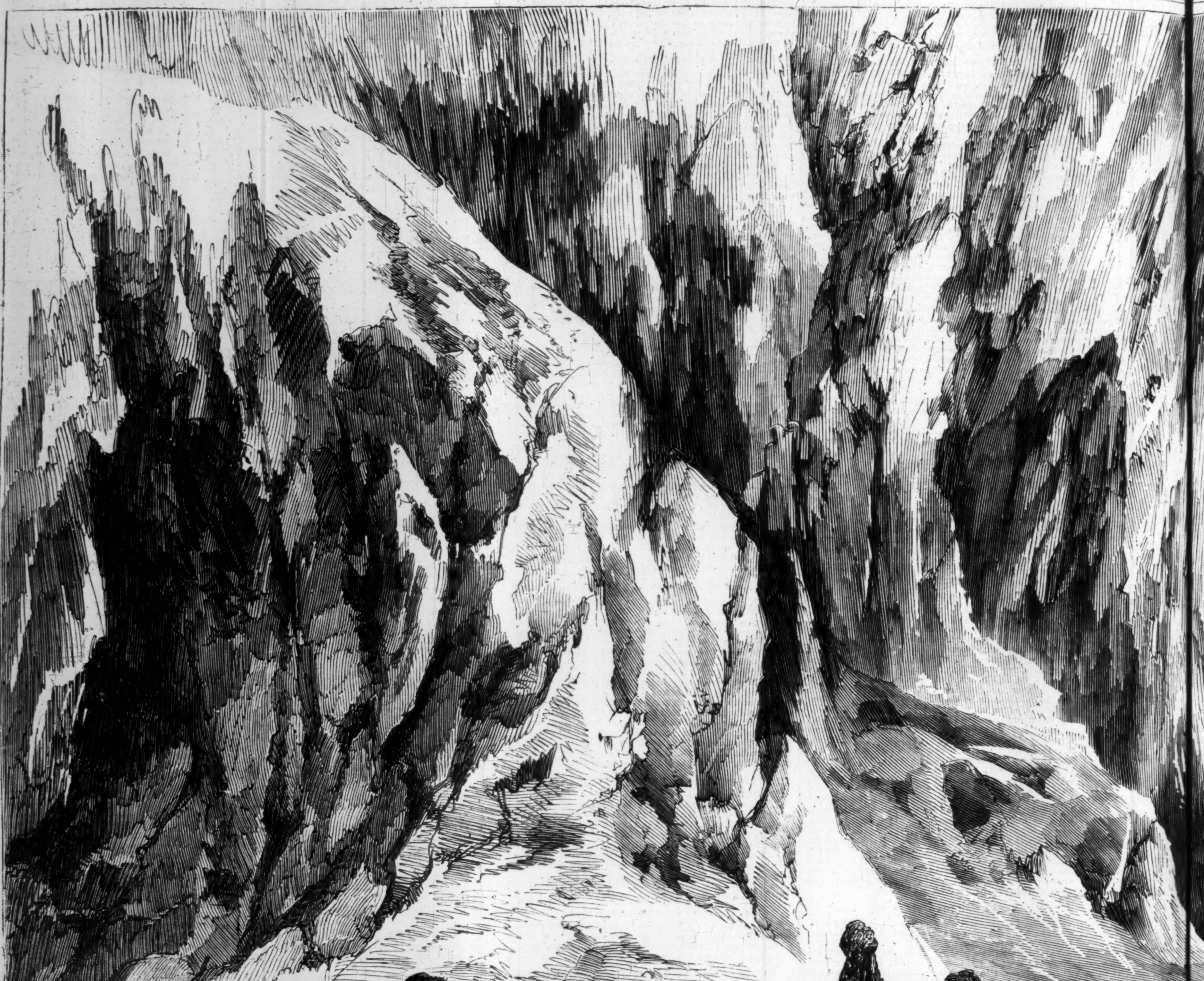
The London *Times* correspondent is assured that the number of steel-plated frigates yet ordered is six, and that twenty large transports, capable of conveying 1500 men each, are building or ordered.

FUNERAL OF MR. MASON.

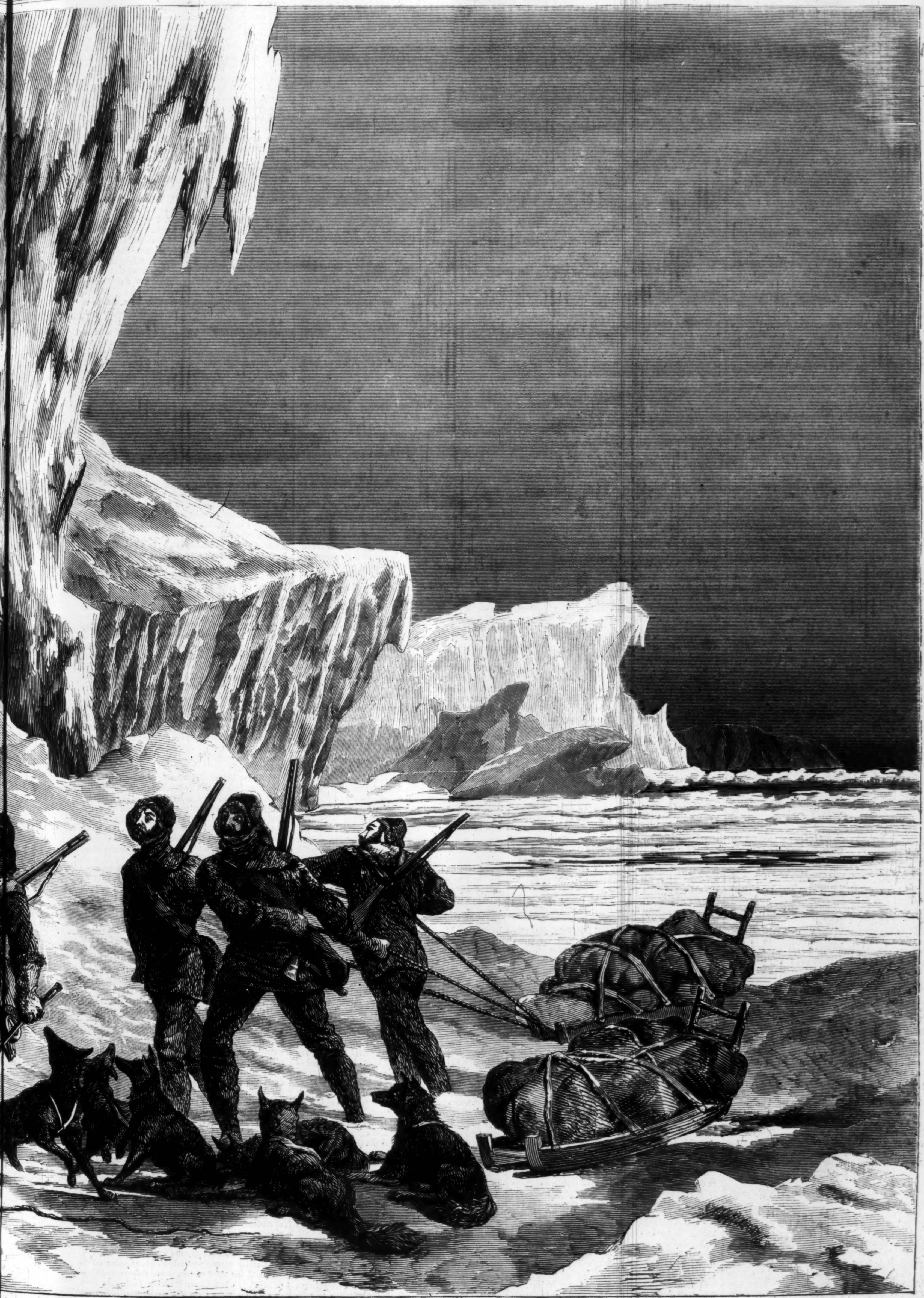
A Paris letter of the 5th says: "To-day the funeral service was performed over the remains of the late American Minister, Mr. Mason, at the United States Chapel. The Foreign Embassies of Paris were all present, and numerous other persons attended to perform the last sad offices of friendship. The body of the deceased is to be immediately sent to America."

MORE SORROWS OF KOSSUTH.

The English papers publish an interesting letter from Kossuth, expressing keenest grief at the Villafranca arrangement at the moment when the deliverance of his country was within reach. He says he returns to England again a poor exile, only ten years older, from bitter pangs of disappointment. He derives some consolation, however, from the events of the war, and is strengthened in the conviction that Hungary will yet be free. He states that he insisted on a double stipulation on behalf of the Hungarian prisoners of war who were enrolled under his banner; viz., that of amnesty, and that of exemption from further Austrian military service. France has obtained these conditions from Austria.



DISCOVERY OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION BOAT ON KING



G WILLIAM'S LAND BY LIEUTENANT HOBSON.—[See Page 690.]

LOIS THE WITCH.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

It was hard, up-hill work for Lois to win herself a place in this family. Her aunt was a woman of narrow, strong affections. Her love for her husband, if ever she had had any, was burned out and dead long ago. What she did for him she did from duty. She looked askance at Lois for many reasons: her first coming to Salem was inopportune; the expression of disapprobation on her face on that evening still lingered and rankled in Grace's memory; early prejudices, and feelings, and prepossessions of the English girl were all on the side of what would now be called Church and State, what was then esteemed in that country a superstitious observance of the directions of a Papish rubric, and a servile regard for an irreligious king.

Somehow Lois felt instinctively that Manasseh was really friendly toward her. He was little in the house; there was farming and some kind of mercantile business to be transacted by him, as real head of the house; and as the season drew on he went shooting and hunting in the surrounding forests with a daring which caused his mother to warn and reprove him in private, although to the neighbors she boasted largely of her son's courage.

Nattee, the old Indian servant, would occasionally make Lois's blood run cold as she and Faith and Prudence listened to the wild stories she told them of the wizards of her race. It was often in the kitchen, in the darkening evening, while some cooking process was going on, that the old Indian crone, sitting on her haunches by the bright redwood embers which sent up no flame, but a lurid light reversing the shadows of all the faces around, told her weird stories while they were awaiting the rising of the dough, perchance, out of which the household bread had to be made.

After such tales it required no small effort on Lois's part to go out at her aunt's command into the common pasture round the town and bring the cattle home at night. Who knew but what the double-headed snake might start up from each blackberry bush—that wicked, cunning, accursed creature in the service of the Indian wizards, that had such power over all those white maidens who met the eyes placed at either end of his long, sinuous, creeping body, so that, loathe him, loathe the Indian race as they would, off they must go into the forest to seek out some Indian man, and must beg to be taken into his wigwam, abjuring faith and race forever?

Faith was the person with whom the English girl was the most intimately associated in her uncle's house. The two were about the same age, and certain household employments were shared between them.

Stern old ministers came in to pay their pastoral visits. On such occasions Grace Hickson would put on clean apron and clean cap, and make them more welcome than she was ever seen to do any one else, bringing out the best provisions of her store, and setting of all before them. Also the great Bible was brought forth, and Hosea and Nattee summoned from their work to listen while the minister read a chapter, and, as he read, expounded it at considerable length. After this all knelt, while he, standing, lifted up his right hand and prayed for all possible combinations of Christian men, for all possible cases of spiritual need; and lastly, taking the individuals before him, he would put up a very personal supplication for each, according to his notion of their wants. At first Lois wondered at the aptitude of one or two of his prayers of this description to the outward circumstances of each case; but when she perceived that her aunt had usually a pretty long confidential conversation with the minister in the early part of his visit, she became aware that he received both his impressions and his knowledge through the medium of "that godly woman, Grace Hickson;" and I am afraid she paid less regard to the prayer "for the maiden from another land, who hath brought the errors of that land as a seed with her, even across the great ocean, and who is letting even now the little seed shoot up into an evil tree, in which all unclean creatures may find shelter."

"I like the prayers of our Church better," said Lois one day to Faith. "No clergyman in England can pray his own words, and therefore it is that he can not judge of others so as to fit his prayers to what he esteems to be their case, as Mr. Tappau did this morning."

"I hate Mr. Tappau," said Faith, shortly, a passionate flash of light coming out of her dark eyes.

"Why so, cousin? It seems to me as if he were a good man, although I like not his prayers.

Faith only repeated her words, "I hate him."

Lois was sorry for this strong bad feeling; instinctively sorry, for she was loving herself, delighted in being loved, and felt a jar run through her at every sign of want of love in others. But she did not know what to say, and was silent at the time. Faith, too, went on turning her wheel with vehemence, but spoke never a word until her thread snapped, and then she pushed the wheel away hastily and left the room.

Then Prudence crept softly up to Lois's side. This strange child seemed to be tossed about by varying moods: to-day she was caressing and communicative, to-morrow she might be deceitful, mocking, and quite indifferent to the pain or sorrows of others.

"So thou dost not like Pastor Tappau's prayers?" she whispered.

Lois was sorry to have been overheard, but she neither would nor could take back her words:

"I like them not so well as the prayers I used to hear at home."

"Mother says thy home was with the ungodly. Nay, don't look at me so—it was not I that said it. I'm none so fond of praying myself, nor of Pastor Tappau for that matter. But Faith can not abide him, and I know why. Shall I tell thee, Cousin Lois?"

"No! Faith did not tell me, and she was the right person to give her own reasons."

"Ask her where young Mr. Nolan is gone to, and thou wilt hear. I have seen Faith cry by the hour together about Mr. Nolan."

"Hush, child, hush!" said Lois, for she heard Faith's approaching step, and feared lest she should overhear what they were saying.

The truth was that a year or two before there had been a great struggle in Salem village, a great division in the religious body, and Pastor Tappau had been the leader of the more violent, and, ultimately, the successful party. In consequence of this the less popular minister, Mr. Nolan, had had to leave the place. And him Faith Hickson loved with all the strength of her passionate heart, although he never was aware of the attachment he had excited, and her own family were too regardless of manifestations of mere feeling to ever observe the signs of any emotion on Faith's part. But the old Indian servant Nattee saw and observed them all. She knew, as well as if she had been told the reason, why Faith had lost all care about father or mother, brother and sister, about household work and daily occupation, nay, about the observances of religion as well.

Faith grew sadder and duller as the autumn drew on. She lost her appetite, her brown complexion became sallow and colorless, her dark eyes looked hollow and wild. The 1st of November was near at hand; Lois, in her instinctive, well-intentioned efforts to bring some life and cheerfulness into the monotonous household, had been telling Faith of many English customs, silly enough, no doubt, and which scarcely lighted up a flicker of interest in the American girl's mind. The cousins were lying awake in their bed in the great unplastered room, which was in part storeroom, in part bedroom. Lois began to speak, to talk about England, and the dear old ways at home, without exciting much attention on Faith's part, until at length she fell upon the subject of Hallow E'en, and told about customs then and long afterward practiced in England, and scarcely yet died out in Scotland. As she told of tricks she had often played, of the apple eaten facing a mirror, of the dripping sheet, of the basins of water, of the nuts burning side by side, and many other such innocent ways of divination by which laughing, trembling English maidens sought to see the form of their future husbands, if husbands they were to have, then Faith listened breathlessly, asking short, eager questions, as if some ray of hope had entered into her gloomy heart. Lois went on speaking, telling her of all the stories that would confirm the truth of the second-sight vouchsafed to all seekers in the accustomed methods, half believing, half incredulous herself, but desiring to cheer up poor Faith.

Suddenly Prudence rose up from her truckle-bed in the dim corner of the room. They had not thought that she was awake, but she had been listening long.

"Cousin Lois may go out and meet Satan by the brook-side, if she will, but if thou goest, Faith, I will tell mother—ay, and I will tell Pastor Tappau, too. Hold thy stories, Cousin Lois; I am afeard of my very life. I would rather never be wed at all than feel the touch of the creature that would take the apple out of my hand as I held it over my left shoulder." The excited girl gave a loud scream of terror at the image her fancy had conjured up. Faith and Lois sprang out toward her, flying across the moonlit room in their white night-gowns. Summoned by the same cry, Grace Hickson came to her child.

"Hush! hush!" said Faith, authoritatively.

"What is it, my wench?" asked Grace. While Lois, feeling as if she had done all the mischief, kept silence.

"Take her away, take her away!" screamed Prudence. "Look over her shoulder—her left shoulder—the Evil One is there now. I see him stretching over for the half-bitten apple."

"What is this she says?" said Grace, austerely.

"She is dreaming," said Faith; "Prudence, hold thy tongue." And she pinched the child severely, while Lois more tenderly tried to soothe the alarms she felt that she had conjured up.

"Be quiet, Prudence," said she, "and go to sleep. I will stay by thee till thou hast gone off into a slumber."

"No, no! go away," sobbed Prudence, who was really terrified at first, but was now assuming more alarm than she felt from pleasure at perceiving herself the centre of attention. "Faith shall stay by me, not you, wicked English witch."

So Faith sat by her sister, and Grace, displeased and perplexed, withdrew to her own bed, purposing to inquire more into the matter in the morning. Lois only hoped it might all be forgotten by morning, and resolved never to talk again of such things. But an event happened in the remaining hours of the night to change the current of affairs. While Grace had been absent from her room her husband had had another paralytic stroke; whether he, too, had been alarmed by that eldritch scream no one could ever know. By the faint light of the rush-candle burning at the bedside his wife perceived that a great change had taken place in his aspect on her return: the irregular breathing came almost like snorts—the end was drawing near. The family were roused, and all help given that either the doctor or experience could suggest. But before the late November morning light all was ended for Ralph Hickson.

The whole of the ensuing day they sat or moved in darkened rooms, and spoke few words, and those below their breath. Manasseh kept at home, regretting his father, no doubt, but showing but little emotion. Faith was the child that bewailed her loss most grievously; she had a warm heart hidden away somewhere under her moody exterior, and her father had shown her far more passive kindness than ever her mother had done, for Grace made distinct favorites of Manasseh, her only son, and Prudence, her youngest child. Lois was about as unhappy as any of them, for she had felt strongly drawn toward her uncle as her kindest friend, and the sense of his loss renewed the old sorrow she had experienced at her own parents' death. But she had no time and no place to cry in. On her devolved many of the cares which it would have seemed indecorous in the nearer relatives to interest themselves in enough to take an active part: the change required in their dress, the household preparations for the sad feast of the funeral—Lois had to arrange all under her aunt's stern direction.

But a day or two afterward—the last day before the funeral—she went into the yard to fetch in some fagots for the oven; it was a solemn, beautiful, starlit evening, and some sudden sense of desolation in the midst of the vast universe thus revealed touched Lois's heart, and she sat down behind the woodstack, and cried very plentiful tears.

She was startled by Manasseh, who suddenly turned the corner of the stack, and stood before her.

"Lois crying!"

"Only a little," she said, rising up, and gathering her bundle of fagots, for she dreaded being questioned by her grim, impassive cousin. To her surprise, he laid his hand on her arm, and said:

"Stop one minute. Why art thou crying, cousin?"

"I don't know," she said, just like a child questioned in like manner; and she was again on the point of weeping.

"My father was very kind to thee, Lois; I do not wonder that thou grievest after him. But the Lord who takest away can restore ten-fold. I will be as kind as my father—yea, kinder. This is not a time to talk of marriage and giving in marriage. But after we have buried our dead I wish to speak to thee."

Lois did not cry now, but she shrank with affright. What did her cousin mean? She would far rather that he had been angry with her for unreasonable grieving, for folly.

She avoided him carefully—as carefully as she could, without seeming to dread him—for the next few days. Sometimes she thought it must have been a bad dream; for if there had been no English lover in the case, no other man in the whole world, she could never have thought of Manasseh as her husband; indeed, till now, there had been nothing in his words or actions to suggest such an idea. Now it had been suggested, there was no telling how much she loathed him. He might be good, and pious—he doubtless was—but his dark, fixed eyes, moving so slowly and heavily, his lank black hair, his gray coarse skin, all made her dislike him now—all his personal ugliness and ungainliness struck on her senses with a jar since those few words spoken behind the haystack.

She knew that, sooner or later, the time must come for further discussion of this subject; but, like a coward, she tried to put it off, by clinging to her aunt's apron-string, for she was sure that Grace Hickson had far different views for her only son. As indeed she had, for she was an ambitious as well as a religious woman; and by an early purchase of land in Salem village the Hicksons had become wealthy people without any great exertions of their own; partly, also, by the silent process of accumulation, for they had never cared to change their manner of living from the time when it had been suitable to a far smaller income than that which they at present enjoyed. So much for worldly circumstances. As for their worldly character, it stood as high. No one could say a word against any of their habits or actions. Their righteousness and godliness was patent in every one's eyes. So Grace Hickson thought herself entitled to pick and choose among the maidens before she should meet with one fitted to be Manasseh's wife. None in Salem came up to her imaginary standard. She had it in her mind even at this very time—so soon after her husband's death—to go to Boston and take counsel with the leading ministers there, with worthy Mr. Cotton Mather at their head, if they could tell her of a well-favored and godly young maiden in their congregations worthy of being the wife of her son. But besides good looks and godliness the wench must have good birth and good wealth, or Grace Hickson would have put her contemptuously on one side. When once this paragon was found, and the ministers had approved, Grace anticipated no difficulty on her son's part. So Lois was right in feeling that her aunt would dislike any speech of marriage between Manasseh and herself.

But the girl was brought to bay one day in this wise. Manasseh had ridden forth on some business, which every one said would occupy him the whole day; but meeting with the man with whom he had to transact his affairs he returned earlier than any one expected. He missed Lois from the keeping-room where his sisters were spinning almost immediately. His mother sat by at her knitting—he could see Nattee in the kitchen through the open door. He was too reserved to ask where Lois was, but he quietly sought till he found her—in the great loft, already piled with winter stores of fruit and vegetables. Her aunt had sent her there to examine the apples one by one, and pick out such as were unsound for immediate use. She was stooping down, and intent upon this work, and was hardly aware of his approach, until she lifted up her head and saw him standing close before her. She dropped the apple she was holding, grew pale, and faced him in silence.

"Lois," he said, "thou rememberest the words that I spoke while we yet mourned over my father. I think that I am called to marriage now, as the head of this household. And I have seen no maiden so pleasant in my sight as thou art, Lois!" He tried to take her hand.

But she put it behind her with a childish shake of her head, and, half crying, said:

"Please, Cousin Manasseh, do not say this to me. I dare say you ought to be married, being the head of the household now; but I don't want to be married. I would rather not."

"That is well spoken," replied he, frowning a little, nevertheless. "I should not like to take to wife an over-forward maiden, ready to jump at wedlock. Besides, the congregation might talk if we were to be married too soon after my father's death. We have, perchance, said enough even now. But I wished thee to have thy mind set at ease as to thy future well-doing. Thou wilt have leisure to think of it, and to bring thy mind more fully round to it." Again he held out his hand. This time she took it with a frank gesture.

"I owe you somewhat for your kindness to me ever since I came, Cousin Manasseh; and I have no way of paying you but by telling you truly I can love you as a dear friend, if you will let me, but never as a wife."

He flung her hand away, but did not take his eyes off her face, though his glance was lowering and gloomy. He muttered something which she did not quite hear, and so she went on bravely, although she kept trembling a little, and had much ado to keep from crying.

"Please let me tell you all. There was a young man in Barford—nay, Manasseh, I can not speak if you are so angry; it is hard work to tell you anyhow—he said that he wanted to marry me; but I was poor, and his father would have none of it, and I do not want to marry any one; but if I did, it would be—" Her voice dropped, and her blushes told the rest. Manasseh stood looking at her with sullen, hollow eyes, that had a gathering touch of wildness in them, and then he said:

"It is borne in upon me—verily I see it as in a vision—that thou must be my spouse, and no other man's. Thou canst not escape what is foredoomed. Months ago, when I set myself to read the old godly books in which my soul used to delight until thy coming, I saw no letters of printer's ink marked on the page; but I saw a gold and ruddy type of some unknown language, the meaning whereof was whispered into my soul; it was, 'Marry Lois! marry Lois!' And when my father died I knew it was the beginning of the end. It is the Lord's will, Lois, and thou canst not escape from it." And again he would have taken her hand and drawn her toward him. But this time she eluded him with ready movement.

"I do not acknowledge it to be the Lord's will, Manasseh," said she. "It is not 'borne in upon me,' as you Puritans call it, that I am to be your wife. I am none so set upon wedlock as to take you, even though there be no other chance for me. For I do not care for you as I ought to care for my husband. But I could have cared for you very much as a cousin—as a kind cousin."

He was so convinced by what he considered the spirit of prophecy that Lois was to be his wife that he felt rather more indignant at what he considered to be her resistance to the preordained decree than really anxious as to the result. Again he tried to convince her that neither he nor she had any choice in the matter, by saying:

"The voice said unto me, 'Marry Lois,' and I said, 'I will, Lord.'"

"But," Lois replied, "the voice, as you call it, has never spoken such a word to me."

"Lois," he answered, solemnly, "it will speak. And then wilt thou obey, even as Samuel did?"

"No; indeed I can not!" she answered, briskly. "I may take a dream to be truth, and hear my own fancies, if I think about them too long. But I can not marry any one from obedience."

"Lois, Lois, thou art as yet unregenerate; but I have seen thee in a vision as one of the elect, robed in white. As yet thy faith is too weak for thee to obey meekly, but it shall not always be so. I will pray that thou mayest see thy preordained course. Meanwhile, I will smooth away all worldly obstacles."

"Cousin Manasseh! Cousin Manasseh!" cried Lois after him, as he was leaving the room, "come back. I can not put it in strong enough words. Manasseh, there is no power in heaven or earth that can make me love thee enough to marry thee, or to wed thee without such love. And this I say because it is better that this should end at once."

For a moment he was staggered; then he lifted up his hands and said,

"God forgive thee thy blasphemy. Remember Hazael, who said, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do such things?' and went straight and did them, because his evil courses were fixed and appointed for him before the foundation of the world. And shall not thy paths be laid out among the godly as it hath been foretold to me?"

He went away, and for a minute or two Lois felt as if his words must come true, and that, struggle as she would, hate her doom as she would, she must become his wife; and, under the circumstances, many a girl would have succumbed to her apparent fate. Isolated from all previous connections, hearing no word from England, living in the heavy, monotonous routine of a family with one man for head, and this man being esteemed a hero by most of those around him, simply because he was the only man in the family—these facts alone would have formed strong presumptions that most girls would have yielded to the offers of such a one. But besides this, there was much to tell upon the imagination in those days, that place, and time. It was prevalently believed that there were manifestations of spiritual influence—of the direct influence both of good and bad spirits—constantly to be perceived in the course of men's lives.

And now imagine Lois worked upon perpetually by Manasseh's conviction that it was decreed that she should be his wife, and you will see that she was not without courage and spirit to resist as she did, steadily, firmly, and yet sweetly. Take one instance of the many, when her nerves were subjected to a shock, slight in relation, it is true, but then remember that she had been all day, and for many days, shut up in-doors, in a dull light, that at mid-day was almost dark with a long-continued snow-storm. Evening was coming on, and the wood-fire was more cheerful than any of the human beings surrounding it; the monotonous whirr of the smaller spinning-wheels had been going on all day, and the store of flax down stairs was nearly exhausted, when Grace Hickson bade Lois fetch down some more from the store-room, before the light so entirely waned away that it could not be

found without a candle, and a candle it would be dangerous to carry into that apartment full of combustible materials, especially at this time of hard frost, when every drop of water was locked up and bound in icy hardness. So Lois went, half-shrinking from the long passage that led to the stairs leading up into the store-room, for it was in this passage that the strange night sounds were heard which every one had begun to notice and speak about in lowered tones. She sang, however, as she went, "to keep her courage up"—sang, however, in a subdued voice, the evening hymn she had so often sung in Barford church—

Glory to Thee, my God, this night—

and so it was, I suppose, that she never heard the breathing or motion of any creature near her till just as she was loading herself with flax to carry down she heard some one—it was Manasseh—say close to her ears,

"Has the voice spoken yet? Speak, Lois! Has the voice spoken yet to thee—that speakest to me day and night, 'Marry Lois!'"

She started and turned a little sick, but spoke almost directly in a brave, clear manner:

"No! Cousin Manasseh. And it never will."

"Then I must wait yet longer," he replied, hoarsely. "But all submission—all submission."

At last a break came upon the monotony of the long, dark winter. The parishioners once more raised the discussion of whether—the parish extending as it did—it was not absolutely necessary for Pastor Tappau to have help. This question had been mooted once before; and then Pastor Tappau had acquiesced in the necessity, and all had gone on smoothly for some months after the appointment of his assistant, until a feeling had sprung up on the part of the elder minister which might have been called jealousy of the younger, if so godly a man as Pastor Tappau could have been supposed to entertain so evil a passion. However that might be, two parties were speedily formed, the younger and more ardent being in favor of Mr. Nolan; the elder and more persistent—and, at the time, the more numerous—clinging to the old gray-headed, dogmatic Mr. Tappau, who had married them, baptized their children, and was to them literally as a "pillar of the Church." So Mr. Nolan left Salem, carrying away with him, possibly, more hearts than that of Faith Hickson's; but certainly she had never been the same creature since.

But now—Christmas, 1691—one or two of the older members of the congregation being dead, and some who were younger men having come to settle in Salem—Mr. Tappau being also older, and, some charitably supposed, wiser—a fresh effort had been made, and Mr. Nolan was returning to labor in ground apparently smoothed over. Lois had taken a keen interest in all the proceedings for Faith's sake, far more than the latter did for herself, as any spectator would have said. Faith's wheel never went faster or slower, her thread never broke, her color never came, her eyes were never uplifted with sudden interest all the time these discussions respecting Mr. Nolan's return were going on.

Faith and Nattee seemed more bound together by love and common interest than any other two among the self-contained individuals comprising this household. Lois sometimes felt as if her presence as a third interrupted some confidential talk between her cousin and the old servant. And yet she was fond of Faith, and could almost think that Faith liked her more than she did either mother, brother, or sister; for the first two were indifferent as to any unspoken feelings, while Prudence delighted in discovering them only to make an amusement to herself out of them.

One day Lois was sitting by herself at her sewing-table, while Faith and Nattee were holding one of the secret conclaves from which Lois felt herself to be tacitly excluded, when the outer door opened, and a tall, pale young man, in the strict professional habit of a minister, entered. Lois sprang up with a smile and a look of welcome for Faith's sake, for this must be the Mr. Nolan whose name had been on the tongue of every one for days, and who was, as Lois knew, expected to arrive on the day before.

He seemed half surprised at the glad alacrity with which he was received by this stranger: possibly he had not heard of the English girl, who was an inmate in the house where formerly he had only seen grave, solemn, rigid, or heavy faces, and had been received with a stiff form of welcome, very different from the blushing, smiling, dimpled looks that innocently met him with the greeting almost of an old acquaintance. Lois having placed a chair for him, hastened out to call Faith, never doubting but that the feeling which her cousin entertained for the young pastor was mutual, although it might be unrecognized by either.

"Faith!" said she, bright and breathless. "Guess— No," checking herself to an assumed unconsciousness of any particular importance likely to be affixed to her words, "Mr. Nolan, the new pastor, is in the keeping-room. He has asked for my aunt and Manasseh. My aunt is gone to the prayer meeting at Pastor Tappau's, and Manasseh is away." Lois went on speaking to give Faith time, for the girl had become deadly white at the intelligence, while, at the same time, her eyes met the keen, cunning eyes of the old Indian with a peculiar look of half-wondering awe, while Nattee's looks expressed triumphant satisfaction.

"Go," said Lois, smoothing Faith's hair, and kissing the white, cold cheek, "or he will wonder why no one comes to see him, and perhaps think he is not welcome." Faith went without another word into the keeping-room, and shut the door of communication. Nattee and Lois were left together. Lois felt as happy as if some piece of good fortune had befallen herself. For the time her growing dread of Manasseh's wild, ominous persistence in his suit, her aunt's coldness, her own loneliness, were all forgotten, and she could almost have danced with joy. Nattee laughed aloud, and talked and chuckled to herself: "Old Indian woman great mystery. Old Indian woman sent hither and thither; go where she is told, where she hears with her ears. But old Indian woman"—and here she drew herself up, and the expression of her face quite changed—"know how to call, and then white man must come; and old Indian have spoken never a word, and white man have hear nothing with his ears."

All this time things were going on very differently in the keeping-room to what Lois imagined. Faith sat stiller even than usual; her eyes downcast, her words few. A quick observer might have noticed a certain tremulousness about her hands, and an occasional twitching throughout all her frame. But Pastor Nolan was not a keen observer upon this occasion; he was absorbed with his own little wonders and perplexities. His wonder was that of a carnal man—who that pretty stranger might be, who had seemed, on his first coming, so glad to see him, but had vanished instantly, apparently not to reappear. And, indeed, I am not sure if his perplexity was not that of a carnal man rather than that of a godly minister, for this was his dilemma. It was the custom of Salem (as we have already seen) for the minister, on entering a household for the visit which, among other people and in other times, would have been termed a "morning call," to put up a prayer for the eternal welfare of the family under whose roof-tree he was. Now this prayer was expected to be adapted to the individual character, joys, sorrows, wants, and failings of every member present, and here was he, a young pastor alone with a young woman, and he thought—vain thoughts, perhaps, but still very natural—that the implied guesses at her character involved in the minute supplications above described would be very awkward in a *tête-à-tête* prayer; so, whether it was his wonder or his perplexity, I do not know, but he did not contribute much to the conversation for some time, and at last, by a sudden burst of courage and impromptu hit, he cut the Gordian knot by making the usual proposal for prayer, and adding to it a request that the household might be summoned. In came Lois, quiet and decorous; in came Nattee, all one impassive, stiff piece of wood; no look of intelligence or trace of giggling near her countenance. Solemnly recalling each wandering thought, Pastor Nolan knelt in the midst of these three to pray. He was a good and truly religious man, whose name here is the only thing disguised, and played his part bravely in the awful trial to which he was afterward subjected; and if at the time before he went through his fiery persecutions the human fancies which beset all young hearts came across him, we at this day know that these fancies are no sin. But now he prays in earnest. Faith was sobbing, sobbing aloud, almost hysterically, and made no effort to rise, but lay on her outstretched arms spread out upon the settle. Lois and Pastor Nolan looked at each other for an instant. Then Lois said,

"Sir, you must go. My cousin has not been strong for some time, and doubtless she needs more quiet than she has had to-day."

Pastor Nolan bowed, and left the house; but in a moment he returned. Half opening the door, but without entering, he said,

"I come back to ask if perchance I may call this evening to inquire how young Mistress Hickson finds herself?"

But Faith did not hear this; she was sobbing louder than ever.

"Why did you send him away, Lois? I should have been better directly, and it is so long since I have seen him."

She had her face hidden as she uttered these words, and Lois could not hear them distinctly. She bent her head down by her cousin's on the settle, meaning to ask her to repeat what she had said. But in the irritation of the moment, and prompted possibly by some incipient jealousy, Faith pushed Lois away so violently that the latter was hurt against the hard, sharp corner of the wooden settle. Tears came into her eyes; not so much because her cheek was bruised as because of the surprised pain she felt at this repulse from the cousin toward whom she was feeling so warmly and kindly. Just for the moment Lois was as angry as any child could have been; but some of the words of Pastor Nolan's prayer yet rang in her ears, and she thought it would be a shame if she did not let them sink into her heart. But she dared not stoop again to caress Faith, but stood quietly by her, sorrowfully waiting, until a step at the outer door caused Faith to rise quickly and rush into the kitchen, leaving Lois to bear the brunt of the new-comer. It was Manasseh, returned from hunting. He had been two days away in company with other young men out of Salem. It was almost the only occupation which could draw him out of his secluded habits. He stopped suddenly at the door at seeing Lois, and alone, for she had avoided him of late in every possible way.

"Where is my mother?"

"At a prayer meeting at Pastor Tappau's. She has taken Prudence. Faith has left the room this minute. I will call her." And Lois was going toward the kitchen when he placed himself between her and the door.

"Lois," said he, "the time is going by, and I can not wait much longer. The visions come thick upon me, and my sight grows clearer and clearer. Only this last night, camping out in the woods, I saw in my soul, between sleeping and waking, the spirit come and offer thee two lots, and the color of the one was white, like a bride's, and the other was black and red, which is, being interpreted, a violent death. And when thou didst choose the latter the spirit said unto me, 'Come!' and I came, and did as I was bidden. I put it on thee with mine own hands, as it is preordained if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice and be my wife. And when the black and red dress fell to the ground thou wert even as a corpse three days old. Now be advised, Lois, in time. Lois, my cousin, I have seen it in a vision, and my soul cleaveth unto thee—I would fain spare thee."

He was really in earnest—in passionate earnest. He had drawn near Lois, and now he took hold of her hand, repeating in his wild, pathetic, dreamy way,

"And the voice said unto me, 'Marry Lois!'" And Lois was more inclined to soothe and reason with him than she had ever been before since the first time of his speaking to her on the subject, when Grace Hickson and Prudence entered the room from the passage.

But Manasseh did not stir or look round; he kept his eyes fixed on Lois, as if to note the effect of his words. Grace came hastily forward, and, lifting up her strong right arm, smote their joined hands in twain, in spite of the fervor of Manasseh's grasp.

"What means this?" said she, addressing herself more to Lois than to her son, anger flashing out of her deep-set eyes.

Lois waited for Manasseh to speak. He seemed but a few minutes before to be more gentle and less threatening than he had been of late on this subject, and she did not wish to irritate him. But he did not speak, and her aunt stood angrily waiting for an answer.

"At any rate," thought Lois, "it will put an end to the thought in his mind when my aunt speaks out about it."

"My cousin seeks me in marriage," said Lois.

"Thee!" and Grace struck out in the direction of her niece with a gesture of supreme contempt. But now Manasseh spoke forth:

"Yea! it is preordained. The voice has said it, and the spirit has brought her to me as my bride."

"Spirit! an evil spirit, then. A good spirit would have chosen out for thee a godly maiden of thine own people, and not a prelatist and a stranger like this girl. A pretty return, Mistress Lois, for all our kindness!"

"Indeed, Aunt Hickson, I have done all I could —Cousin Manasseh knows it—to show him I can be none of his. I have told him," said she, blushing, but determined to say all out at once, "that I am all but troth-plight to a young man of our own village at home; and, even putting all that on one side, I wish not for marriage at present."

"Wish rather for conversion and regeneration. Marriage is an unseemly word in the mouth of a maiden. As for Manasseh, I will take reason with him in private; and meanwhile, if thou hast spoken truly, throw not thyself in his path, as I have noticed thou hast done but too often of late."

Lois's heart burned within her at this unjust accusation, for she knew how much she had dreaded and avoided her cousin; and she almost looked to him to give evidence that her aunt's last words were not true. But, instead, he recurred to his one fixed idea, and said,

"Mother, listen. If I wed not Lois, both she and I die within the year. I care not for life; before this, as you know, I have sought for death" (Grace shuddered, and was for a moment subdued by some recollection of past horror); "but if Lois were my wife I should live, and she would be spared from what is the other lot. That whole vision grows clearer to me day by day. Yet, when I try to know whether I am one of the elect, all is dark. The mystery of Free-Will and Fore-Knowledge is a mystery of Satan's devising, not of God's."

"Alas, my son, Satan is abroad among the brethren even now; but let the old vexed topics rest. Sooner than fret thyself again thou shalt have Lois to be thy wife, though my heart was set far differently for thee."

"No, Manasseh," said Lois. "I love you well as a cousin, but wife of yours I can never be. Aunt Hickson, it is not well to delude him so. I say, if ever I marry man, I am troth-plight to one in England."

"Tush, child! I am your guardian in my dead husband's place. Thou thinkest thyself so great a prize that I would clutch at thee whether or no, I doubt not. I value thee not, save as a medicine for Manasseh, if his mind get disturbed again, as I have noted signs of late."

This, then, was the secret explanation of much that had alarmed her in her cousin's manner; and if Lois had been a physician of modern times she might have traced somewhat of the same temperament in his sisters as well—in Prudence's lack of natural feeling and impish delight in mischief, in Faith's vehemence of unrequited love. But as yet Lois did not know, any more than Faith, that the attachment of the latter to Mr. Nolan was not merely unreturned, but even unperceived, by the young minister.

He came, it is true, came often to the house, sat long with the family, and watched them narrowly, but took no especial notice of Faith. Lois perceived this, and grieved over it; Nattee perceived it, and was indignant at it, long before Faith slowly acknowledged it to herself, and went to Nattee the Indian woman, rather than to Lois her cousin, for sympathy and counsel.

"He cares not for me," said Faith. "He cares more for Lois's little finger than for my whole body," the girl moaned out in the bitter pain of jealousy.

"Hush thee, hush thee, prairie bird. How can he build a nest when the old bird has got all the moss and the feathers? Wait till the Indian has found means to send the old bird flying far away." This was the mysterious comfort Nattee gave.

Grace Hickson took some kind of charge over Manasseh that relieved Lois of much of her distress at his strange behavior. Yet at times he escaped from his mother's watchfulness, and at such opportunities he would always seek Lois, entreating her, as of old, to marry him; sometimes pleading his love for her, oftener speaking wildly of his visions and the voices which he heard foretelling a terrible futurity.

The town of Salem had lost by death, within a very short time preceding the commencement of my story, nearly all its venerable men and leading citizens—men of ripe wisdom and sound counsel. The people had hardly yet recovered from the shock of their loss, the first bad effect of which was seen in the heated dissension which sprang up between Pastor Tappau and the candidate Nolan. It had been apparently healed over; but Mr. Nolan had not been many weeks in Salem, after his second coming, before the strife broke out afresh, and alienated many for life who had till now been bound together by the ties of friendship or relationship.

Such was the state of things in the township when, one day toward the end of the month of February, Grace Hickson returned from the weekly prayer meeting, which it was her custom to attend at Pastor Tappau's house, in a state of extreme excitement. On her entrance into her own house she sat down, rocking her body backward and forward, and praying to herself; both Faith and Lois stopped their spinning in wonder at her agitation before either of them ventured to address her. At length Faith rose, and spoke:

"Mother, what is it? Hath any thing happened of an evil nature?"

The brave, stern old woman's face was blenched, and her eyes were almost set in horror, as she prayed; the great drops running down her cheeks.

It seemed almost as if she had to make a struggle to recover her sense of the present homely accustomed life before she could find words to answer:

"Evil nature! Daughters, Satan is abroad, is close to us. I have this very hour seen him afflict two innocent children, as of old he troubled those who were possessed by him in Judea. Hester and Abigail Tappau have been contorted and convulsed by him and his servants into such shapes as I am afeared to think on; and when their father, godly Mr. Tappau, began to exhort and to pray their howlings were like the wild beasts' of the field. Satan is of a truth let loose among us. The girls kept calling upon him as if he were even then present among us. Abigail screeched out that he stood at my very back in the guise of a black man; and truly, as I turned round at her words, I saw a creature like a shadow vanishing, and turned all of a cold sweat. Who knows where he is now? Faith, lay straws across on the door-sill."

"But if he be already entered in," asked Prudence, "may not that make it difficult for him to depart?"

Her mother, taking no notice of her question, went on rocking herself and praying till again she broke out into narration:

"Reverend Mr. Tappau says that only last night he heard a sound as of a heavy body dragged all through the house by some strong power; once it was thrown against his bedroom door, and would, doubtless, have broken it in, if he had not prayed fervently and aloud at that very time; and a shriek went up at his prayer that made his hair stand on end; and this morning all the crockery in the house was found broken and piled up in the middle of the kitchen floor; and Pastor Tappau says that as soon as he began to ask blessing on the morning's meal, Abigail and Hester cried out, as if some one was pinching them. Lord, have mercy upon us all! Satan is of a truth let loose."

"They sound like the old stories I used to hear in Barford," said Lois, breathless with affright.

Faith seemed less alarmed; but then her dislike to Pastor Tappau was so great that she could hardly sympathize with any misfortunes that befell him or his family.

Toward evening Mr. Nolan came in. In general, so high did party-spirit run, Grace Hickson only tolerated his visits, finding herself often engaged at such hours, and being too much abstracted in thought to show him the ready hospitality which was one of her most prominent virtues. But to-day, both as bringing the latest intelligence of the new horrors sprung up in Salem, and as being one of the Church militant (or what the Puritans considered as equivalent to the Church militant) against Satan, he was welcomed by her in an unusual manner.

He seemed oppressed with the occurrences of the day; at first it appeared to be almost a relief to him to sit still, and cogitate upon them, and his hosts were becoming almost impatient for him to say something more than mere monosyllables, when he began:

"Such a day as this I pray that I may never see again. It is as if the devils whom our Lord banished into the herd of swine had been permitted to come again upon the earth. And I would it were only the lost spirits who were tormenting us; but I much fear that certain of those whom we have esteemed as God's people have sold their souls to Satan for the sake of a little of his evil power, whereby they may afflict others for a time. Elder Sherringham hath lost this very day a good and valuable horse, wherewith he used to drive his family to meeting, his wife being bedridden."

"Perchance," said Lois, "the horse died of some natural disease."

"True," said Pastor Nolan, "but I was going on to say, that as he entered into his house, full of dolor at the loss of his beast, a mouse ran in before him so sudden that it almost tripped him up, though an instant before there was no such thing to be seen; and he caught at it with his shoe and hit it, and it cried out like a human creature in pain, and straight ran up the chimney, caring nothing for the hot flame and smoke."

Manasseh listened greedily to all this story, and when it was ended he smote upon his breast, and prayed aloud for deliverance from the power of the Evil One; and he continually went on praying at intervals through the evening with every mark of abject terror on his face and in his manner.

THE LATE SENATOR BRODERICK LYING IN STATE.

We are enabled to engrave, through the kindness of a San Francisco correspondent, the accompanying picture of the late Senator Broderick lying in state at San Francisco. The scene was fully described in the last number of the *Weekly*.

MARY.

A BALLAD.

Her form was bent, her steps were small,
She came up the path alone;
And sat her down on the church-yard wall,
With her foot on the stepping-stone.

A look she wore of the wasted year,
Whose beauty and strength were over;
But her voice was low, as of old, and clear,
And she sang of her buried lover:

"The year is dying, its leaves are red,
Its sights and its sounds are dreary;
The year is dying above the dead,
And the living are lone and weary.

"Drearily swings the church-yard chime,
And drearily creaks the yew;
He died in the goodly summer-time:
May I die in the summer, too!

"He died while the corn was tall and green,
Ere the brood of the lark had flown;
He died while the blossom was on the bean,
He died while the fields were mown.

"He died while the scent was in yon lime,
And the woodbine that wreathed it blew;
He died in the goodly summer-time:
May I die in the summer, too!

"I kept my last watch over his bed,
'Twas noon, and his hour drew near;
'I would look on the earth once more,' he said,
'Will you show it me, Mary dear?'

"So I raised him up till he saw the skies,
The fields, and the church, and the river;
Then I laid him down and closed his eyes,
The eyes that I loved, forever.

"God grant me to live till the spring be here,
And to look on the young year's bloom;
'Twere sad to die while the earth is drear,
Amid winter - winds and gloom."

She rose, and under the wall she passed,
To her home in the village lane;
Through the yew-tree branches hurried the blast,
And the bells brake forth again;

But there seemed a tongue in their clanging chime,
And a voice in the creaking yew,
That said, "He died in the summer-time,
Thou shalt die in the summer, too."

HERN CASTLE.

Hern Castle stands by its own broad lands,
West to the inland and east to the sea;
The stoutest kite in his questing flight
Will flag ere he crosses the fee.

And the Baroness Lascelles hath gold and vassals,
And winters and springs forty-four;
Her daughter Grace is the pride of her race,
A waxen cheek—and no more.

Sir Hugh de Braye hath a palfrey gray,
And each morn you may see him wait;
To the weary page it seems an age,
As he yawns at the castle gate.

But which of the twain Sir Hugh would gain,
With his equal smile and his equal bow,
That widow and maid, of each other afraid,
Would give the whole world to know!

The bower-maid Alice, who hands the chalice
Of Gascon wine to Sir Hugh the Knight,
I guess could tell, an she listed well,
Which way his choice would light.

For every day, ere he rides away,
There's a whisper'd word for her private ear,
And a touch to her lip—lest her memory slip—
When there's none of the vassals near.

Some compliment to the mother sent—
Some courtly phrase to the daughter borne;
"No more, in faith!" "Save a hint," she saith,
"*He may pass to-morrow morn.*"

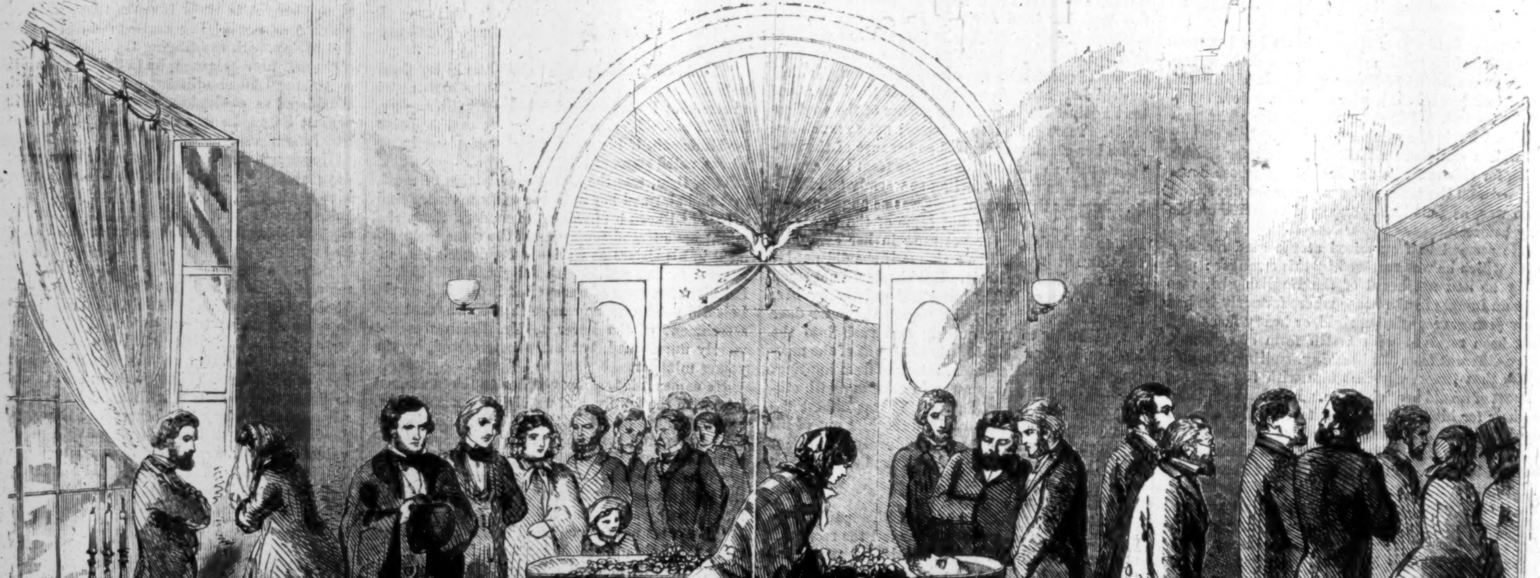
Ne'er yet his tryst hath Sir Hugo missed:
Can the good gray steed have gone false to-day?
"Ho! Alice the maid! what was it he said
"When last he rode away?"

"Ho! Alice the maid! why where hath she stray'd?"
Not one in the house can tell:
But across the noon, with an answering tune,
Comes the clash of a marriage-bell.

And below the keep doth a fair train sweep,
With a bride and a bridegroom gay;
Hern Castle's the pride of the country-side—
But neither looks that way.

The Baroness stands with clenched hands,
In a wrath that would fain burst free;
And the pale proud face of the Lady Grace
Grows pallider yet to see!

There's a riddle read, and a day-dream fled,
And a bower-maid's office undone to-day;
While "To Lady Alice!" they drain the chalice,
In the Hall of Sir Hugh de Braye!



THE LATE SENATOR BRODERICK LYING IN STATE AT SAN FRANCISCO.—From a Sketch by P. Loomis, Esq.—[See preceding Page.]

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GAME MADE.

WHILE Sydney Carton and the Sheep of the prisons were in the adjoining dark room, speaking so low that not a sound was heard, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry in considerable doubt and mistrust. That honest tradesman's manner of receiving the look did not inspire confidence; he changed the leg on which he rested, as often as if he had fifty of those limbs, and were trying them all; he examined his finger-nails with a very questionable closeness of attention; and whenever Mr. Lorry's eye caught his, he was taken with that peculiar kind of short cough requiring the hollow of a hand before it, which is seldom, if ever, known to be an infirmity attendant on perfect openness of character.

"Jerry," said Mr. Lorry. "Come here."

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

"What have you been besides a messenger?"

After some cogitation, accompanied with an intent look at his patron, Mr. Cruncher conceived the luminous idea of replying, "Agricultooral character."

"My mind misgives me much," said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, "that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson's as a blind, and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, don't expect me to befriend you when you get back to England. If you have, don't expect me to keep your secret. Tellson's shall not be imposed upon."

"I hope, Sir," pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, "that a gentleman like yourself wot I've had the honor of odd jobbing till I'm gray at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it wos so—I don't say it is, but even if it wos. And which it is to be took into account that if it wos, it wouldn't, even then, be all o' one side. There'd be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, a picking up their guineas where a honest tradesman don't pick up his fardens—fardens! no, nor yet his half fardens—half fardens! no, nor yet his quarter—a banking away like smoke at Tellson's, and a cocking their medical eyes at that tradesmen on the sly, a going in and going out to their own carriages—ah! equally like smoke, if not superior. Well, that'ud be imposing, too, on Tellson's. For you can not sarse the goose and not the gander. And here's Mrs. Cruncher, or leastways wos in the Old England times, and would be to-morrow, if cause given, a floppin' agen the business to that degree as is ruinating—stark ruinating! Whereas them medical doctors' wives don't flop—catch 'em at it! Or, if they flop, their floppings goes in favor of more patients, and how can you rightly have one without the t'other? Then, wot with undertakers, and wot with parish clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all awaricious and all in it), a man wouldn't get much by it, even if it was so. And wot little a man did get, would never prosper with him, Mr. Lorry. He'd never have no good of it; he'd want all along to be out of the line, if he could see his way out, being once in—even if it wos so."

"Ugh!" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless. "I am shocked at the sight of you."

"Now, what I would humbly offer to you, Sir," pursued Mr. Cruncher, "even if it wos so, which I don't say it is—"

"Don't prevaricate," said Mr. Lorry.

"No, I will *not*, Sir," returned Mr. Cruncher, as if nothing were further from his thoughts or practice—"which I don't say it is—wot I would humbly offer to you, Sir, would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there Bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general light-job you, till your heels is where your head is if such should be your wishes. If it wos so, which I still don't say it is (for I will not prewaricate to you, Sir), let that there boy keep his father's place, and take care of his mother; don't blow upon that boy's father—do not do it, Sir—and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he would have un-dug—if it wos so—by diggin' of 'em in with a will, and with conwictions respectin' the future keepin' of 'em safe. That, Mr. Lorry," said Mr. Cruncher, wiping his forehead with his arm, as an announcement that he had arrived at the peroration of his discourse, "is wot I would respectfully offer to you, Sir. A man don't see all this here a goin' on dreadful round him, in the way of Subjects without heads, dear me, plentiful enough fur to bring the price down to porterage, and hardly that, without havin' his serious thoughts of things. And these here would be mine, if it wos so, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry. "Say no more now. It may be that I shall yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action—not in words. I want no more words."

Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead, as Sydney Carton and the spy returned from the dark room. "Adieu, Mr. Barsad," said the former; "our arrangements thus made, you have nothing to fear from me."

He sat down in a chair on the hearth, over against Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done?

"Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have insured access to him once."

Mr. Lorry's countenance fell, and he looked disappointed.

"It is all I could do," said Carton. "To propose too much, would be to put this man's head under the axe, and, as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. It was obviously the weakness of the position. There is no help for it."

"But access to him," said Mr. Lorry, "if it should go ill before the tribunal, will not save him."

"I never said it would."

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire; his sympathy with his darling, and the heavy disappointment of this second arrest gradually weakened them; he was an old man now, overborne with anxiety of late, and his tears fell.

"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, in an altered voice. "Forgive me if I notice that you are affected. I could not see my father weep and sit by careless. And I could not respect your sorrow more if you were my father. You are free from that misfortune, however."

Though he said the last words with a slip into his usual manner, there was a true feeling and respect both in his tone and in his touch that Mr. Lorry, who had never seen the better side of him, was wholly unprepared for. He gave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed it.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "Don't tell Her of this interview, or this arrangement. It would not enable Her to go to see him. She might think it was contrived, in case of the worst, to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence."

Mr. Lorry had not thought of that, and he looked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed to be; he returned the look, and evidently understood it.

"She might think a thousand things," he said, "and any of them would only add to her trouble. Don't speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came, I had better not see her. I can put my hand out to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without that. You are going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you. How does she look?"

"Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful."

"Ah!"

It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh—almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face, which was turned to the fire. A light, or a shade (the old gentleman could not have said which) passed from it as swiftly as a change will sweep over a hill-side on a wild bright day, and he lifted his foot to put back one of the little flaming logs which was tumbling forward. He wore the white riding-coat and top-boots then in vogue, and the light of the fire touching their light surfaces made him look very pale, with his long brown hair, all untrimmed, hanging loose about him. His indifference to fire was sufficiently remarkable to elicit a word of remonstrance from Mr. Lorry; his boot was still upon the hot embers of the flaming log when it had broken under the weight of his foot.

"I forgot it," he said.

Mr. Lorry's eyes were again attracted to his face. Taking note of the wasted air which clouded the naturally handsome features, and having the expression of prisoners' faces fresh in his mind, he was strongly reminded of that expression.

"And your duties here have drawn to an end, Sir?" said Carton, turning to him.

"Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my Leave to Pass. I was ready to go."

They were both silent.

"Yours is a long life to look back upon, Sir?" said Carton, wistfully.

"I am in my seventy-eighth year."

"You have been useful all your life; steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected, and looked-up to?"

"I have been a man of business ever since I have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

"See what a place you fill at seventy-eight. How many people will miss you when you leave it empty!"

"A solitary old bachelor," answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. "There is nobody to weep for me."

"How can you say that? Wouldn't She weep for you? Wouldn't her child?"

"Yes, yes; thank God. I didn't quite mean what I said."

"It *is* a thing to thank God for; is it not?"

"Surely, surely."

"If you could say, with truth, to your own solitary heart, to-night, 'I have secured to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude or respect, of no human creature; I have won myself a tender place in no regard; I have done nothing good or serviceable to be remembered by!' your seventy-eight years would be seventy-eight heavy curses; would they not?"

"You say truly, Mr. Carton; I think they would be."

Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire, and, after a silence of a few moments, said:

"I should like to ask you: Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knee seem days of very long ago?"

Responding to his softened manner, Mr. Lorry answered:

"Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For, as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in the circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now by many remembrances, that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young mother (and I so old!), and by many associations of the days when what we call the World was not so real with me, and my faults were not confirmed in me."

"I understand the feeling!" exclaimed Carton, with a bright flush. "And you are the better for it?"

"I hope so."

Carton terminated the conversation here, by rising to help him on with his outer coat; "but you," said Mr. Lorry, reverting to the theme, "you are young."

"Yes," said Carton. "I am not old, but my young way was never the way to age. Enough of me."

"And of me, I am sure," said Mr. Lorry. "Are you going out?"

"I'll walk with you to her gate. You know my vagabond and restless habits. If I should prowl about the streets a long time, don't be uneasy; I shall turn up in the morning. You go to the Court to-morrow?"

"Yes, unhappily."

"I shall be there, but only as one of the crowd. My spy will find a place for me. Take my arm, Sir."

Mr. Lorry did so, and they went down stairs and out in the streets. A few minutes brought them to Mr. Lorry's destination. Carton left him there; but lingered at a little distance, and turned back to the gate again when it was shut, and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day. "She came out here," he said, looking about him, "turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps."

It was ten o'clock at night when he stood before the prison of La Force, where she had stood hundreds of times. A little wood-sawyer, having closed his shop, was smoking his pipe at his shop-door.

"Good-night, citizen," said Sydney Carton, pausing in going by; for the man eyed him inquisitively.

"Good-night, citizen."

"How goes the Republic?"

"You mean the Guillotine? Not ill. Sixty-two to-day. We shall mount to a hundred soon. Samson and his men complain sometimes of being exhausted. Ha, ha, ha! He is so droll, that Samson. Such a Barber!"

"Do you often go to see him—"

"Shave? Always. Every day. What a barber! You have seen him at work?"

"Never."

"Go and see him when he has a good batch. Figure this to yourself, citizen; he shaved the sixty-two to-day, in less than two pipes! Less than two pipes. Word of honor!"

As the grinning little man held out the pipe he was smoking to explain how he timed the executioner, Carton was so sensible of a rising desire to strike the life out of him that he turned away.

"But you are not English," said the wood-sawyer, "though you wear English dress?"

"Yes," said Carton, pausing again, and answering over his shoulder.

"You speak like a Frenchman."

"I am an old student here."

"Aha, a perfect Frenchman! Good-night, Englishman."

"Good-night, citizen."

"But go and see that droll dog," the little man persisted, calling after him. "And take a pipe with you!"

Sydney had not gone far out of sight when he stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper. Then traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well several dark and dirty streets—much dirtier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleansed in those times of terror—he stopped at a chemist's shop, which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous, up-hill thoroughfare, by a small, thin, crooked man.

Giving this citizen, too, good-night, as he confronted him at his counter, he laid the scrap of paper before him. "Whew!" the chemist whistled softly, as he read it. "Hi! hi! hi!"

Sydney Carton took no heed, and the chemist said:

"For you, citizen?"

"For me."

"You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen? You know the consequences of mixing them?"

"Perfectly."

Certain small packets were weighed out and given to him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, counted out the money for them, and deliberately left the shop. "There is nothing more to do," said he, glancing upward at the moon, "until to-morrow. I can't sleep."

It was not a reckless manner, the manner in which he said these words aloud under the fast-sailing clouds, nor was it more expressive of negligence than defiance. It was the settled manner of a tired man, who had wandered and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck into his road and saw its end.

Long ago, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise, he had followed his father to the grave. His mother had died years before. These solemn words, which had been read at his father's grave, arose in his mind as he went down the dark streets, among the heavy shadows, with the moon and the clouds sailing on high above him—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

In a city dominated by the axe, alone at night, with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty-two who had been that day put to death, and for to-morrow's victims then awaiting their doom in the prisons, and still of to-morrow's and to-mor-

"THIS IS THAT WRITTEN PAPER!"

row's, the chain of association that brought the words home, like a rusty old ship's anchor from the deep, might have been easily found. He did not seek it, but repeated them and went on.

With a solemn interest in the lighted windows where the people were going to rest, forgetful through a few calm hours of the horrors surrounding them; in the towers of the closed churches, where no prayers were said, for the popular revulsion had even traveled that length of self-destruction from years of priestly impostors, plunderers, and profligates; in the distant burial-places, reserved, as they wrote upon the gates, for Eternal Sleep; in the abounding jails; and in the streets along which the sixties rolled to a death which had become so common and material that no sorrowful story of a haunting Spirit ever arose among the people out of all the working of the Guillotine; with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of the city that was settling down to its short nightly pause in fury; Sydney Carton crossed the Seine again for the lighter streets.

Few coaches were abroad, for riders in coaches were liable to be suspected, and gentility hid its head in red night-caps, and put on heavy shoes and trudged. But the theatres were all well filled, and the people poured cheerfully out as he passed, and went chatting home. At one of the theatre doors there was a little girl with a mother looking for a way across the street through the mud. He carried the child over, and before the timid arm was loosed from his neck asked the child for a kiss.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Now that the streets were quiet, and the night wore on, the words were in the echoes of his feet, and were in the air. Perfectly calm and steady, he sometimes repeated them to himself as he walked; but he heard them always.

The night wore out, and as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if Creation were delivered over to Death's dominions.

But the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long bright rays; and looking along them, with reverently-shaded eyes, a bridge of light appeared to span the air between him and the sun, while the river sparkled under it.

The strong tide, so swift, so deep, and certain, was like a congenial friend in the morning stillness. He walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke and was afoot again he lingered there yet a little longer, watching an eddy that turned and turned purposeless, until the stream absorbed it and carried it on to the sea. "Like me!" A trading-boat, with a sail of the softened color of a dead leaf, then glided into his view, floated by him, and died away. As its silent track in the water disappeared the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of his poor blindnesses and errors ended in the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Mr. Lorry was already out when he got back, and it was easy to surmise where the good old man was gone. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and having washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of trial.

The court was all astir and a-buzz, when the black sheep—whom many fell away from in dread—pressed him into a corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in she turned a look upon him, so sustaining, so encouraging, so full of admiring love and pitying tenderness, yet so courageous for his sake, that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart. If there had been any eyes to notice the influence of her look on Sydney Carton, it would have been seen to be the same influence exactly.

Before that infamous Tribunal there was little or no order of procedure, insuring to any accused person any reasonable hearing. There could have been no such Revolution, if all laws, forms, and ceremonies had not first been so monstrously abused that the suicidal vengeance of the Revolution was to scatter them all to the winds.

Every eye was turned to the jury. The same determined patriots and good republicans as yesterday and the day before, and to-morrow and the day after. Eager and prominent among them, one man with a craving face, and his fingers perpetually hovering about his lips, whose appearance gave great satisfaction to the spectators. A life-thirsting, cannibal-looking, bloody-minded juryman, the Jacques Three of Saint Antoine. The whole jury as a jury of dogs impanneled to try the deer.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favorable leaning in that quarter to-day. A fell, uncompromising, murderous business-meaning there. Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd, and gleamed at it approvingly; and heads nodded at one another, before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Reaccused and retaken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night as Suspected and Denounced enemy of the Republic, Aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, in right of such proscription, absolutely Dead in Law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the Public Prosecutor.

The President asked, was the Accused openly denounced or secretly?

"Openly, Monsieur the President."

"By whom?"

"Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vendor of Saint Antoine."

"Good."

"Thérèse Defarge, his wife."

"Good."

"Alexandre Manette, physician."

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

"Monsieur the President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child?"

"Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of Law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic."

Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell, and with warmth resumed:

"If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the mean while, be silent!"

Frantic acclamations were again raised. Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him. The craving man on the jury rubbed his hands together, and restored the usual hand to his mouth.

Defarge was produced when the court was quiet enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly expounded the story of the imprisonment, and of his having been a mere boy in the Doctor's service, and of the release, and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

"You did good service at the taking of the Bastile, citizen?"

"I believe so."

Here an excited woman screeched from the crowd: "You were one of the best patriots there. Why not say so? You were a cannoneer that day there, and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell. Patriots, I speak the truth!"

It was The Vengeance who, amidst the warm commendations of the audience, thus assisted the proceedings. The President rang his bell; but The Vengeance, warming with encouragement, shrieked, "I defy that bell!" wherein she was likewise much commended.

"Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastile, citizen."

"Well!" said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him. "I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of you, directed by a jailer. I examine it very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper. This is that written paper. I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of Monsieur the President."

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness—the prisoner under trial looked lovingly at his wife, his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father, Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader, Madame Defarge never taking hers from the prisoner, Defarge never taking his from his feasting wife, and all the other eyes there intent upon the Doctor, who saw none of them—the paper was read, as follows:

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